THE AMERICAN WEEKLY
Greatest Circulation in the World
Magazine Section of the Boston Sunday Advertiser.
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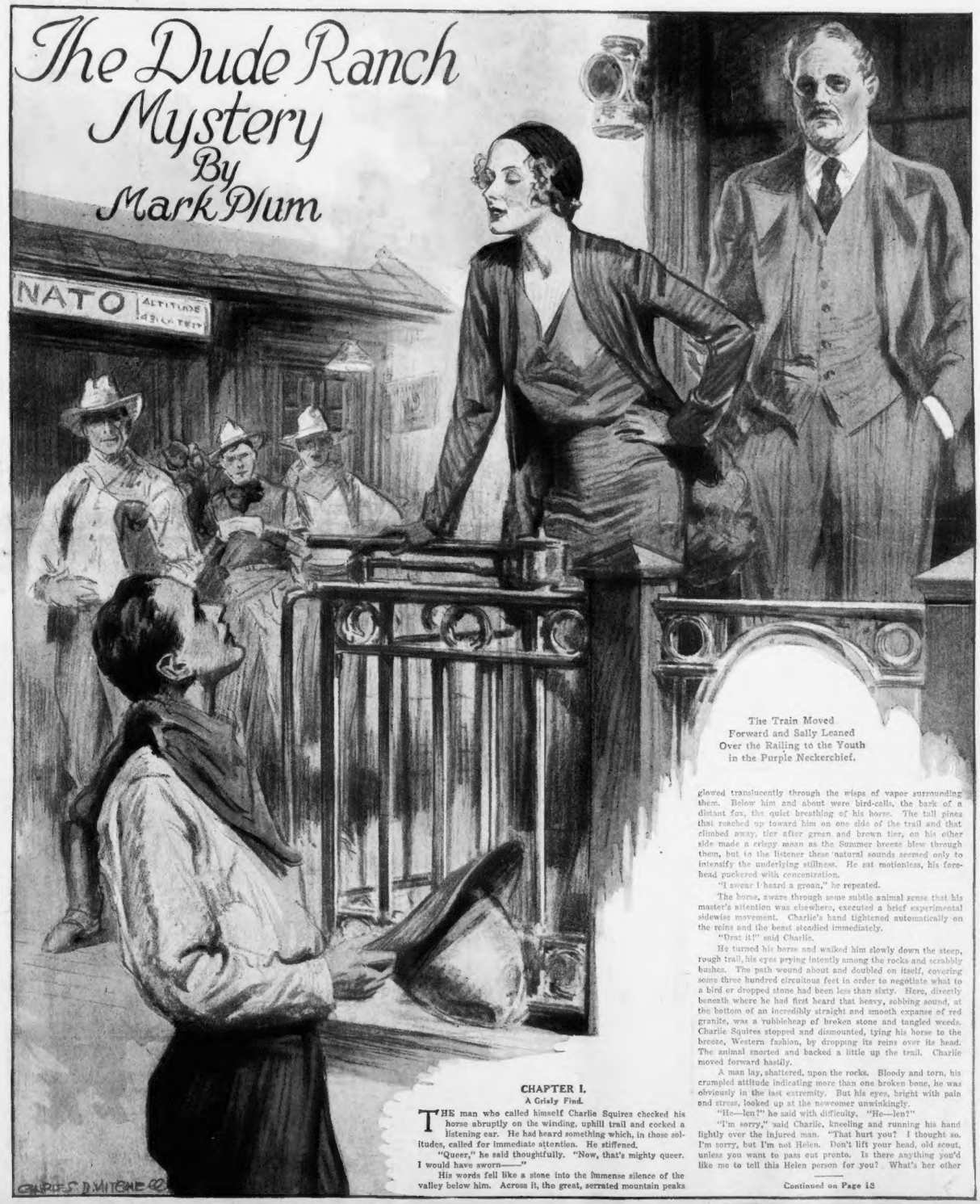
Sunday, April 3, 1932

The Dude Ranch Mystery

By Mark Plum



The Train Moved Forward and Sally Leaned Over the Railing to the Youth in the Purple Neckerchief.

CHAPTER I.

A Grisly Find.

THE man who called himself Charlie Squires checked his horse abruptly on the winding, uphill trail and cocked a listening ear. He had heard something which, in those solitudes, called for immediate attention. He stiffened.

"Queer," he said thoughtfully. "Now, that's mighty queer. I would have sworn——"

His words fell like a stone into the immense silence of the valley below him. Across it, the great, serrated mountain peaks glowed translucently through the wisps of vapor surrounding them. Below him and about were bird-calls, the bark of a distant fox, the quiet breathing of his horse. The tall pines that reached up toward him on one side of the trail and that climbed away, tier after green and brown tier, on his other side made a crispy moan as the Summer breeze blew through them, but to the listener these natural sounds seemed only to intensify the underlying stillness. He sat motionless, his forehead puckered with concentration.

"I swear I heard a groan," he repeated.

The horse, aware through some subtle animal sense that his master's attention was elsewhere, executed a brief experimental sidewise movement. Charlie's hand tightened automatically on the reins and the beast steadied immediately.

"Drat it!" said Charlie.

He turned his horse and walked him slowly down the steep, rough trail, his eyes prying intently among the rocks and scrabbly bushes. The path wound about and doubled on itself, covering some three hundred circuitous feet in order to negotiate what to a bird or dropped stone had been less than sixty. Here, directly beneath where he had first heard that heavy, sobbing sound, at the bottom of an incredibly straight and smooth expanse of red granite, was a rubbleheap of broken stone and tangled weeds. Charlie Squires stopped and dismounted, tying his horse to the breeze, Western fashion, by dropping its reins over its head. The animal snorted and backed a little up the trail. Charlie moved forward hastily.

A man lay, shattered, upon the rocks. Bloody and torn, his crumpled attitude indicating more than one broken bone, he was obviously in the last extremity. But his eyes, bright with pain and stress, looked up at the newcomer unwinkingly.

"He—len?" he said with difficulty. "He—len?"

"I'm sorry," said Charlie, kneeling and running his hand lightly over the injured man. "That hurt you? I thought so. I'm sorry, but I'm not Helen. Don't lift your head, old scout, unless you want to pass out pronto. Is there anything you'd like me to tell this Helen person for you? What's her other

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The "Dynasphere"—Motorists' Newest Plaything

LONDON.

A FEW weeks ago, motorists driving over the highways a few miles out of London stared popeyed and mystified at a huge metal wheel rolling along the road at better than 30 miles an hour. This wheel wove in and out of the busy traffic, slowed down, stopped and reversed although there seemed to be no one guiding it. As one observer of the thing was inspired to remark, "It seemed that we were looking for the first time on some weird and facile mechanical monster from Mars."

This "monster" is, however, no contraption from another planet; it is a perfectly understandable vehicle conceived and built by a serious-minded Fellow of the Royal Society of Engineer, Dr. J. H. Purves, who was sitting inside the wheel and controlling its maneuvers.

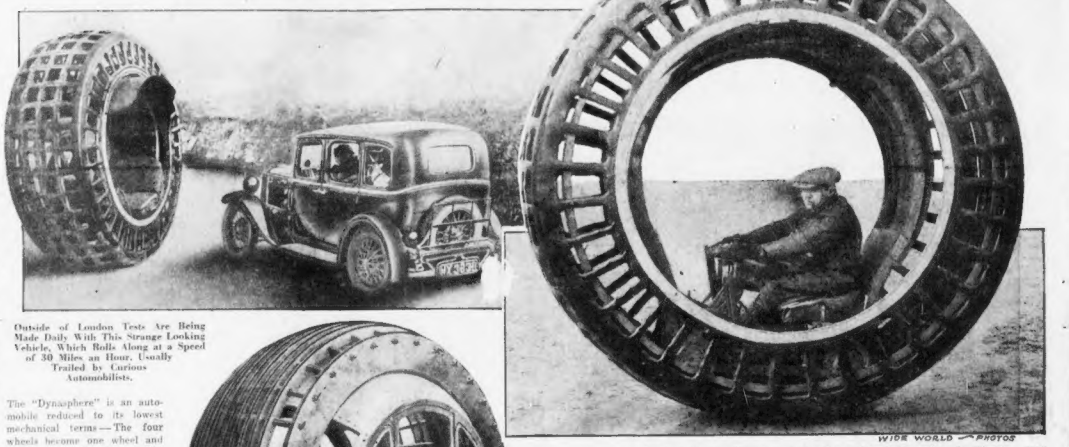
Dr. Purves calls his invention the "Dynasphere" and, known all over the British Empire as a sane and skilful engineer, he predicts that the highways of the world may be alive with such curious vehicles a few years hence. Some of his colleagues are inclined to agree with him, after witnessing the successful tests of the "Dynasphere" and enjoying rides in it.

The photograph at the upper right of the page shows the inventor seated at the controls of the odd-looking machine. It is about 10 feet in diameter and is, in simple terms, a motorized metal ring.

The motor and the seat on which the driver sits are at the bottom of the ring and are so slung that the great wheel revolves about them while they remain stationary and cushioned against the shocks of the road.

The gasoline motor which drives the "Dynasphere" is surprisingly small and light in weight—but it has driven the machine shown at a speed of better than 30 miles an hour on a level stretch. And the tests of the machine indicate that it would be practically possible to equip it with a power plant which would enable it to attain a speed of a mile a minute.

It is Dr. Purves' claim that the "Dynasphere," for all its radical difference from the standard types of automobiles in vogue at the moment, is the sensible and logical form for a motor-driven vehicle to take. In the first place, he says, an automobile is a body slung between four wheels.



Outside of London Tests Are Being Made Daily With This Strange Looking Vehicle, Which Rolls Along at a Speed of 30 Miles an Hour, Usually Trailed by Curious Automobilists.

The "Dynasphere" is an automobile reduced to its lowest mechanical terms—The four wheels become one wheel and that wheel—with only one point of contact on the ground—is enlarged to become the body as well as the wheel.

Such a machine, says its inventor, eliminates about three-quarters of the friction found in the standard four-wheel motorcar. It also, because of its circular shape, does away with much of the wind resistance which cuts down the mechanical efficiency of the orthodox automobile. And what's more important, such a machine can be operated much more cheaply than an ordinary motor vehicle because of the ease with which it rolls along and the simplicity of its construction. The metal wheel is good for the life of the machine; there are no tires to blow out, or wear out. There is merely a cushion of rubber coated on the outside.

Then, too, the motor which drives the big ring around is much simpler than the standard automobile motor and it transmits its power directly to the vehicle's single wheel. Dr. Purves explains that the model, which he is now demonstrating, is a comparatively crude working model merely to show the practical principle of his one-wheel vehicle. The idea is capable of refinement so that comfortable "Dynaspheres" limousines for four or six persons can be built and standardized.

—To Left—After the First "Dynasphere" Was Made, Refinements at Once Got Under Way, and the Picture at the Left Shows a Working Model Which Contains a de Luxe Compartment for Passengers.

WIDE WORLD—PHOTOS

Dr. J. A. Purves, Inventor of the "Dynasphere," Operating the Machine, With Which He Hopes to Revolutionize Transportation.

One of the photographs on this page shows a small model of such an enclosed car which will be powered by electricity instead of a gasoline engine. A full-size machine of this type soon will be completed and tested.

The inventor of the "Dynasphere" freely admits that the idea of the one-wheel vehicle is not original with him. Several so-called motorwheels have been built, but all of them were small affairs with a single, narrow rim and room for only the operator. He has applied the idea—and improved it—to the design of a practical motorcar.

Her Feet Are Polish Beauty's Fortune

PRAGUE.

A POLISH beauty with the un-Polish name of Miss Annie Robson recently came to the Czechoslovakian capital and literally walked away with the first-prize solid silver cup for which 150 good-looking young women competed.

Miss Robson is exceptionally easy on the eyes. She has a pretty face, a flashing smile and a form which would get her a job on the most exacting of musical comedy stages—but none of these enviable charms captured the cup for her. The judges acclaimed her queen because of her delicately and gracefully formed feet. That was the purpose of the pageant—to find and acclaim what the promoters of the undertaking called "Europe's most perfect feet."

It may be that, somewhere on the European continent, there is a girl with more Cinderella-like feet than those on which Miss Robson walks. If there is she remains to be found. The Polish beauty has in her possession cups and medals which her extraordinary pedal extremities earned for her in similar contests in Paris, Berlin and Vienna.

During the past four years she has posed for a score of eminent artists and sculptors. Photographers have snapped thousands of pictures of her feet. Most of these camera portraits were made for manufacturers of shoes and stockings.

It is said that Annie Robson has hundreds of pairs of shoes, slippers and boots in her wardrobe and that she didn't pay a cent for them. On the contrary she received a handsome reward for accepting and wearing this footgear. Makers of shoes are falling over each other to present this fortunate girl with the best products that their workmen can turn out, because they believe women with less perfect feet will buy the brands of shoes which grace the prettiest feet in Europe.

One celebrated Austrian sculptor, who was working on a statue of Diana at the time the Polish beauty won first prize in a "prettiest foot" contest in Vienna, destroyed the seemingly satisfactory feet which he had sculptured on his likeness of the Greek goddess and completed the statue with exact reproductions of Miss Robson's feet. The famous model who had posed for the statue suffered an attack of temperament and would have scratched the invader's eyes out if the sculptor hadn't been present to protect her.

Miss Robson says that her Cinderella feet have supported her in luxury for several years and that she has insured them for $75,000 to protect her earning power.

The Polish beauty is as careful of her feet as a concert pianist is of his hands. Besides taking special exercises to keep them strong and supple, she bathes them daily in soothing solutions made especially for her and massages them with a cream prescribed by a famous French foot specialist.

An Alpine Dairyman Calling His Cattle Home With an Alphorn, One of the Longest Musical Instruments in the World. The Deep Notes of the Horn Resound and Re-echo for Many Miles Throughout the Mountains.

WIDE WORLD—PHOTO

The World's Longest Horn, Made of Wood

THE only instrument that seems to come nearest in size and carrying power to the legendary trumpet of Gabriel is the deep-throated alphorn with which Swiss herdsmen have called their cattle home at milking time for several hundred years.

The alphorn, which is shown in the photograph at the left, has a tone which is resonant if not sweet. When a lusty-lunged Alpine farmer blows into the small end of the twelve-foot barrel of the curious instrument an ear-splitting sound comes out of the big end. This sound, sent forth from a mountainside, rolls across the valleys below and echoes and re-echoes from the rocky sides of peaks fifteen and twenty miles away.

In certain sections of Switzerland a strange symphony of a dozen of these great horns can be heard every afternoon just before the sun dips below the rugged horizon. To those unfamiliar with the noise, it seems that the mountain gods have formed themselves into an orchestra and are blowing a few Olympian chords on bull saxophones of supernatural power.

The flocks grazing on the steep slopes know just which horn is their summons back home, and the instant they hear the deep-voiced call they move.

Alphorns vary in size and sound—but they are all long and loud. The smallest of the odd trumpets measures about ten feet in length and the largest of them stretch more than fifteen feet from the reed mouthpiece to the curved bell.

All of the horns are made of well-seasoned wood and most of them are bound in stout bark fibre to prevent any "brassy" tone. If the long, wooden tubes were bound with metal bands the horn would be robbed of something of its resonance.

An alphorn, like a violin, seems to improve with age, and the best of the instruments now in use are more than 250 years old. A few of the horns are so made that two musical notes can be blown on them, but the ordinary instrument is capable of making only one deep note. There is a trick in blowing the horn, and an experienced player of the instrument can make its sound carry miles further than a novice can.

ACME—PHOTO

Miss Annie Robson, One of the Best-Known Beauties of Poland, Whose Fame Is Derived From Her Feet Rather Than Her Face or Form. Her Feet, Called Perfect by Experts, Have Won Prizes in Competitions in Many European Cities.

Helping the Blind to Read Ordinary Print

IF the inventions of two men who were blinded during the World War become commercially successful, thousands of persons deprived of the blessing of sight will be able to educate, inform and amuse themselves by reading ordinary printed books, magazines and newspapers.

The inventors — M. Frenchman, and Captain Ian Fraser, a member of the British Parliament—have worked out their devices independent of each other, but they are similar in principle and design. Both men conceived the idea of using the photo-electric cell, that highly sensitive "electric eye" which is the heart of the modern and, as yet, imperfect television set.

In the machine developed by the Frenchman, as well as that already tested by the Englishman, the book, magazine or newspaper is placed on a desk or table and an intensely brilliant spot of light is projected upon the printed page. The mechanism is so made that the spot of light starts at the beginning of the first line at the top of the page and moves steadily from left to right across each line until the entire page has been covered.

The blind reader has in front of him a small board connected by electric wires with the machine in which the printed matter is placed. As the spot of light scans each letter and character in the proper order, the sensitive photo-electric cell, which registers the slightest variation of reflected light falling upon it, absorbs the different impulses induced by the different characters and imparts them to the board set before the blind person.

This board, on which the reader rests his fingers, is so made that all the letters of the alphabet impose themselves on it in high relief. The reader feels each letter and character with his fingertips as it registers on the board and thus is able to read, letter by letter, what the photo-electric cell is transmitting from the ordinary printed pages placed in what might be called the sending machine. Preliminary tests have shown that a blind person who has accustomed himself to reading in this way can read almost as rapidly as a person with normal sight.

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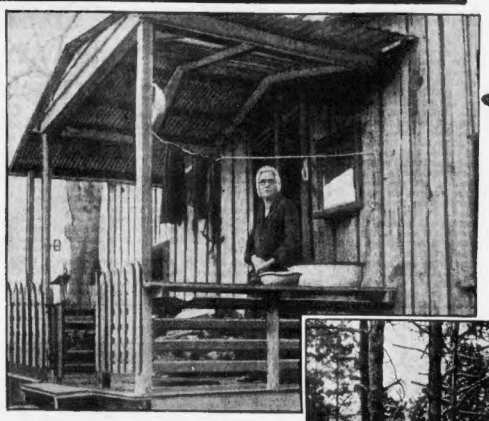
Romance of Society Leader and Her Farm-Hand Bootlegger

Louisa Wilson Turnure, Niece of the Vanderbilts and Astors and Cousin of the Duchess of Roxburghe, Stuns Her Rich and Fashionable Relatives by Her Astonishing Elopement

Louisa Wilson Turnure, Related to the Wealthiest and Most Fashionable Families of New York, Newport and Palm Beach, Who Has Married Her Farm Manager and Become Mrs. Herbert Wendell Simmons.

View Through the Trees of the Turnure-Simmons Home and Stables at Bluffton, South Carolina, Where the Honeymoon Couple Are Now Enjoying Themselves.



The Mother of Young Simmons Standing On the Porch of the Home Where the Bridegroom Lived. She Is Naturally Proud That Her Boy Wendell Should Have Married the Rich Society Girl.

Herbert Wendell Simmons, Who Climbed From Hired Man of His Fashionable Employer to Husband and Master of the Estate Where He Worked.

"So I married the bootlegger's daughter and really it isn't so bad.
I work all the day, but it's nothing but play; just taking out orders for dad."

(From the popular song by Frank Crumit. Copyright by Irving Berlin, Inc., Music Publishers.)

MR. CRUMIT gives the impression that the poor young hero of this song lived happily ever after, in a life of ease with the bootlegger's daughter.

Mrs. Louise Steedman Wilson Turnure, wealthy young society matron, niece of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt and niece of Mrs. Ogden Goelet and cousin of the Duchess of Roxburghe, heard that song on the radio and decided that it was a poor rule that did not work both ways. So she married the bootlegger's brother, Herbert Wendell Simmons, who was also a bootlegger himself.

Did they live happily ever after? Well, not quite. The bride's mother who is the very wealthy Mrs. Richard T. Wilson, a society leader of New York and Newport, nearly had apoplexy at the news that her daughter, the niece of an Astor, a Goelet and a Vanderbilt, an exalted pedigree that could not be beaten by any man, woman or dog, outside of royalty, had done such a thing. And there were similar convulsions among all the bride's society friends. But the most annoying feature was the unromantic behavior of a Federal Court in Charleston, South Carolina, which had been mean enough to spoil the bootlegger's honeymoon by sentencing him to 22 months in Atlanta Prison.

When the minions of the law came to snatch Herbert from her arms, the bride-to-be said she would not stand for it and so far she hasn't had to. The case was appealed on bail and bonds said to have been furnished by the wealthy bride who thus is able to keep her bootlegger groom by her side. Maybe young Mr. Simmons will win his appeal, but meanwhile, when the lovers look up at the moon, and start happily planning their future together as all true lovers do, there is always that chilling doubt and possibility that the ardent groom may have to take 22 months, almost two years, out of that future, behind the bars. During such time, if Louisa wants to see Herbert, about the only way it can be done is to fly in a plane over the prison and looking down into the yard, try to guess which of the line of lock-stepped gentlemen in stripes exercising there is her hubby.

The bride's first marriage, in 1925, to David Arthur Turnure, though a quiet wedding in New York, was considered one of the most important matrimonial events of the season. Mr. Turnure is a grandson of the late Lawrence Turnure, of New York, and direct descendant of David de Tourneur, who settled in New York in 1652. After a couple of seasons in Washington, Mr. Turnure was appointed American Vice-Consul at Prague and went there with his beautiful young wife.

But the American girl was soon back in America, explaining that the climate of Prague did not agree with her. Her father, the late Richard T. Wilson, had been president of the Saratoga Racing Association and, like most of the smart "horsey" set, the Wilsons had always spent much of their Winters in and around Aiken, South Carolina.

In that State the Wilsons had a fox-hunting preserve, with a bungalow and other buildings at Bluffton. Across the road that passes the entrance to the estate was a little farm house where lived Herbert Simmons, a farmer who had the good fortune to be appointed head man of the big estate. His little boy, Herbert Wendell Simmons, toddling around at his father's heels, became acquainted with cute little Louisa, his own age, and her younger sister, Marion. Every Summer the poor farmer boy and the rich society girl played, fished and rode together. If he dreamed any dreams he knew they were crazy and told nobody.

Herbie became a full-fledged farm hand the same year that Louisa became a society debutante. He saw her name and picture in the papers, but nobody saw his. Thereafter when she came to the estate he noted that several youths from the Aiken colony were dancing attendance on her. She was still friendly, but as he stood in his overalls watching her ride past his yam patch, she was socially as unattainable as the moon. He felt himself a poor country boy in the presence of this American aristocrat of aristocrats.

If he had any lingering doubts, these were knocked on the head by her marriage to the rich and fashionable Turnures. Two years later she was back again in Bluffton, and every Winter sometimes with and sometimes without her husband. Farming was not very profitable, but Prohibition had providentially brought a way of picking up some easy money for any man who knew the country as did this father and son. Then the elder Simmons died, and a year and a half ago Mrs. Turnure appointed his son to take the old man's place, an entirely natural promotion.

There has been much learned speculation as to what causes people to fall in love with each other, but undoubtedly the main essential is proximity. Being constantly with each other day after day makes a man and a woman fall in love in the first place, and later may be the chief cause for their falling out of love, in the last place.

Mr. Turnure cared little for hunting, fishing or long horseback rides through the pine woods, but his wife loved such things, and went alone—at first. Then her old childhood friend found time in managing her estate to ride part way with its owner. The rides together grew longer and longer and that was all. Proximity, propinquity, did the rest. Louise fell out of love with her husband and into love with her grown-up playmate, farm-hand. The moon had come down to earth. Realizing the situation, the obliging Mr. Turnure faded out of the picture to Reno and sent his wife a divorce with his best wishes.

But before this divorce made it possible to marry Herbie, Louisa had already begun to take charge of the manners and appearance of her next husband. He appeared in an elaborate wardrobe of fashionably cut clothes, worthy of anyone in the Aiken colony. This marvellous blossoming out of the former farm hand caused much gossip and wonder among the friends of Simmons, but no harm would have come of it if Louisa had not condemned his decrepit old Ford and presented him with a big, flashy, expensive, de luxe model roadster.

Until that divorce arrived they did not want anyone to know that she was paying her manager anything more than his salary. So when anyone asked Simmons if he had struck oil or something, he had to be mysterious and evasive. That was all right with the neighbors but the Federal Prohibition "snoopers" also wanted to know. All these signs of sudden wealth could not come from farming and the "smedleys" did not dream that such a person as Mrs. Turnure would notice the humble Mr. Simmons. Therefore they reasoned that Simmons had grown from a small-time bootlegger, hardly worth disturbing, to a "big shot" and they concentrated on him. He and his brother, with some of their friends, were caught bringing some liquor, for which the Simmons boys was convicted and sentenced to 22 months.

Warning Sign, Many of Which Are Nailed Up Around the Estate to Keep Out Intruders.

If Louisa only hadn't dressed him up and given him that "snooty" roadster or had waited till the "Feds" knew she was going to marry him, they never would have supposed that he was still bothering with bootlegging.

The moral of this story, if Simmons loses his appeal, is evidently that little boys ought not to demand the impossible. Simmons cried for the moon and he got it—and how! Right in the neck. Of course, if he wins his appeal there isn't any moral.

Why Simmons, knowing that he was fixed for life financially, provided he could continue to please Mrs. Turnure, should take another fling at the bootlegging business, has not been explained. It may have been manly pride, wanting to pay out of his own pocket for that trousseau his future bride had made him get. It would have taken years to dig that much money out of the yam patch and soiled his finger nails besides.

Mrs. Simmons, widowed mother of the groom, doesn't consider the marriage so very astonishing. She still lives in the house across the highway from the great estate, is proud of her boy and thinks that most anything nice might happen to him deservedly.

"I guess it was sort of fate," she said. "You see, they are both just 27 years old. The very same Winter when my boy was born in this house, she was born in the big one, over yonder, and my boy Wendell has known her all his life. I don't think they were sweethearts exactly when they were children, but they played together. They began loving each other about a year and a half ago, when Wendell went over to live there.

"My son told me just a day before the marriage that he had decided to marry Mrs. Turnure. I didn't say much to him about it because I supposed he knew his business best. But I still don't see why a rich woman can't marry a poor man, as a rich man sometimes marries a poor girl.

"Wendell was always ambitious. He never would go around with us common folk. Whenever there were parties, especially for visitors of the rich people who have estates around here, he got his invitations to attend just like the sons of the rich men. The girls were always crazy about him. From what I can observe, Mrs. Turnure is kind of jealous of him now. She won't let him go anywhere unless she's along. I haven't seen him to talk to privately since the marriage.

"They drove up here last Sunday and I could tell they were much in love with each other—but Mrs. Turnure is not a woman to be trifled with. Wendell said, sort of kidding: 'Look out there, lady, I'm the boss now, you'd better be careful'—and quick as a flash, she said: 'You'd better look out to see that nothing happens to you!'

"Yes, Mrs. Turnure's sister, Miss Marion Wilson, is over here now, but I understand she has made up with my son's wife. They tell me the Wilson family was powerful mad when they first heard that Wendell and Mrs. Turnure were married but from what I understand now, they have forgiven them and everybody's happy. I think, if Wendell behaves himself, he'll make a success of this marriage. But you never can tell."

One of the Bridle Paths on the Turnure Estate.

After the cruel words had been said by a judge who did not realize how he was hurting the niece of an Astor, a Vanderbilt and a Goelet, came that longed for divorce from Mr. Turnure. However, better late than never. The pair did not waste any time. Armed with that document, they went on what the papers called a "tooth-brush elopement" because there were no visible signs of baggage. After spending several days dodging reporters and photographers they decided the safest refuge was back on the big estate with its barred gate and three-mile private road to the house.

But there they were still open to shocks by telephone, telegraph and mail from members of the bride's family as, one by one, these relatives came out of the coma into which the news had thrown them. The first report was that Louisa had married "a common farm hand," what the Duchess of Roxburghe's friends call an "American peasant." All Europe was aghast at that for 24 hours until it was learned that the groom was under sentence as a bootlegger. Then they felt better.

That made him no "common peasant" but an extraordinary one, perhaps very wealthy, like Mr. A. Scarface Capone, also under sentence and well-known to all Europe. Europe thinks all American bootleggers are millionaires and will expect the next generation of Simmonses to come over and buy castles with Papa's bootlegacy. Of course that is all wrong. The financial boot is on the distaff leg of the family.

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The Clayburgh Domestic Difficulties

Albert C. Clayburgh.

READERS of these pages will recall a recent article on the filing of a divorce suit by Mrs. Clayburgh against her husband, Albert Clayburgh, wealthy cotton converter, sometimes called the "Cotton King" of New York. Some of the incidents of domestic unhappiness were related in the article, but there were others Mrs. Clayburgh details which made life unendurable for her.

Clayburgh was twenty-five years older and had been married twice before—one wife died and one he divorced. The new bride, young and inexperienced, became the mistress of her husband's home on West Eighty-first Street—and found trouble at once. The old servants of her husband refused to take orders from the bride and humiliated her with their open disobedience and impertinence. They were upheld in their insubordination to their mistress by Mr. Clayburgh, she says, and to the astonishment and dismay of the young wife, Clayburgh handed her a document to sign, the substance of which was:

"I hereby promise not to interfere with the management of the house. I will leave to my husband the direction of all the servants save my own personal maid."

Commenting on this recently, Mrs. Clayburgh said:

"I was very much in love with Mr. Clayburgh, and I signed this humiliating document. This ultimatum was served on me after Mr. Clayburgh had left the house on account of the resignation of his valet, because of my complaint of the valet's conduct. There was an addendum to which I was also compelled to add my name, provided I wanted my husband back. I did want him back and I signed it.

"It read somewhat as follows: 'And I promise not to criticize the conduct of my husband, nor interfere in the furnishing of his room. I also promise not to enter his room without his permission or invitation; and I agree never to give an order to my husband's valet.'"

A matrimonial voyage with such a start was almost surely headed for disaster.

Mrs. Clayburgh had come from a family of wealth and social standing. Her home life was one of elegance and dignity. She found, however, that Mr. Clayburgh's establishment was organized quite differently. He wanted more ostentation and display. There were more servants than she thought there was any need of and the meals were more ceremonious than home-like. When she dined with her husband, she found herself watched by a butler, a footman and other servants. They stood, solemn and silent, like mutes at an English funeral, but ready to jump at the command of the master.

Mrs. Clayburgh attempted to make the regime less ostentatious and more dignified and home-like, but with poor success. The Clayburgh town house was not by any means a mansion. But when they left the house for their automobile, a rug was unrolled by a uniformed footman, and on this they strode across the sidewalk to the car.

On account of her suggestions in regard to the management of the servants and household, Mrs. Clayburgh says that her husband left her before the end of their first year of married life. Four times, she says, he left because of trouble about the servants and household affairs.

After their third separation because of trouble with the servants, Mr. Clayburgh sent word to Mrs. Clayburgh that he wanted her to go to Europe for six months, but she was not allowed to take her son, she says. When the six months were up she returned with her husband's consent. And now another agreement similar to the one previously mentioned was handed to her to sign, but with new rulings as to orders for food, company, use of cars, etc., and forbidding her to issue orders to any of the servants.

While she was in Europe, Mr. Clayburgh had bought a magnificent estate at Mt. Kisco, New York, and when Mrs. Clayburgh was finally established there she found it like an armed camp, with seventeen or more servants, to none of whom she was allowed to give an order.

The bride's family were musical, and her father was a pianist of ability. Mrs. Clayburgh inherited her father's love of music, and under his guidance she studied and practiced and learned the entire scores of many of the operas, but, like her father, she sang and played only for the entertainment of her family and friends and her own love of music. She never supposed that the day would come when she would find herself using her talent on the professional concert stage.

And so their married life went on unhappily, and she hoped for a better understanding between them. However, the household management problem still persisted. The old servants told her what she should do, and the new ones soon refused to take orders from her. She saw their delinquencies, but was unable to secure Mr. Clayburgh's support in disciplining them.

Mrs. Clayburgh and Her Two Children, Before Her Separation.

The final break came, according to Mrs. Clayburgh, when she complained about some of his friends, and when she refused to entertain one of them, she says, he left her for good. A separation agreement was drawn up and signed, which provided an allowance of $15,000 a year for her while Mr. Clayburgh lives. At his death she is to receive $10,000.

But even the separation agreement was a cause of disputes later on. There was the item of $5,000 which she claims she was to have had to furnish the new home for herself, and which she says she did not receive until she spent almost that amount in lawyers' fees and court expenses. And Mrs. Clayburgh brought suit against her husband for personal belongings, wedding presents, etc. In this suit she was not entirely successful, but the case is to be re-tried shortly.

The $15,000 yearly allowance in the separation agreement was for her alone. The daughter's (Alma's) schooling and medical expenses are provided for, but not her maintenance. Her husband has even refused to pay some of the medical expenses, Mrs. Clayburgh asserts. The Battle Creek Sanitarium now has a case against him in the New York courts, she says, for medical expenses incurred when Alma was near death several years ago.

While her daughter was very young Mrs. Clayburgh felt she could share her income with her, but as the child has grown in years, her expenses have increased, and it is now with great difficulty that she is able to maintain herself and daughter in a manner at all suitable to her social position. Therefore, Alma, Jr., is asking for a separate maintenance allowance. The son, Albert, Jr., has been maintained in luxury by the father.

One of Mrs. Clayburgh's Many Public Service and Charity Activities. In This Photograph Is Shown Her Daughter, Alma, Soliciting Contributions for the New York Women's League for Animals Hospital Fund, and Mrs. Clayburgh Is Dropping In Her Own Contribution.

Since her separation from her husband, Mrs. Clayburgh has devoted herself to her daughter and to charitable work and public service. During the war she was a member of the Stage Women's War Relief Committee and gave performances all over the country for the benefit of the soldiers.

She is one of the founders of the American Women's Association Club for Business and Professional Women. She was one of the first women to work with Thomas Mott Osborne in his welfare work at Sing Sing. She is on the Welfare League Board with Prof. Kirchwey and others, and is a member of the Women's Auxiliary of Tom Brown House, an organization to help former prisoners rehabilitate themselves.

As an active worker in the interest of the National Navy Club, Mrs. Clayburgh has arranged teas, socials and other affairs for the benefit of the enlisted men. She is head of the Debutante Committee of the club. She is active in furthering the cause of the Widowed Mothers' Fund, and has worked hard for the Salvation Army.

Some years ago Mr. Clayburgh started a suit for divorce, but dropped the action. During this period, Mrs. Clayburgh says that her husband stopped her allowance, leaving her without funds to defend herself. It was then that she availed herself of her musical talent and took up concert work and sang in most of the big concert auditoriums and large universities in the country. She continued her concert work up to a year ago, when the demands on her time by her daughter and her charitable work decided her to withdraw from the concert stage for the time being.

So much has been printed about their domestic troubles, often from Mr. Clayburgh's point of view, that Mrs. Clayburgh feels her own side of it should be made known.

A Plant That Eats Meat

BLOOMING among the familiar pinks, roses and lilies in a San Antonio, Texas, hothouse are four curious purple flowers that look like hooded cobras and have something of the nature of that dreaded reptile.

Botanists call these things Chreesphora Darlingtonia, but to the average person they are carnivorous orchids plucked in the swamps of Oregon and taken to Texas to live "in captivity."

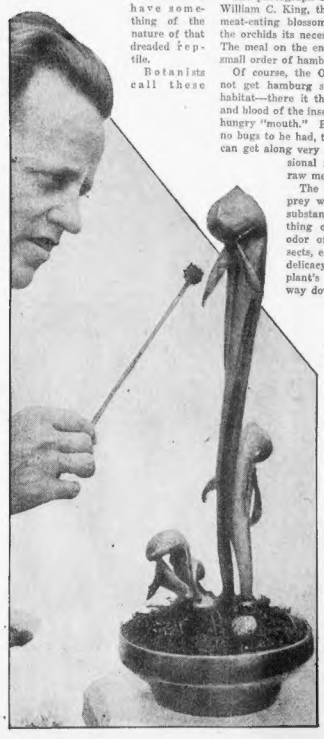
The photograph below shows Florist William C. King, the "keeper" of the meat-eating blossoms, feeding one of the orchids its necessary diet of flesh. The meal on the end of the stick is a small order of hamburg steak.

Of course, the Oregon orchid does not get hamburg steak in its native habitat—there it thrives on the flesh and blood of the insects it lures into its hungry "mouth." But when there are no bugs to be had, the cobra-like plant can get along very nicely on an occasional feeding of ground raw meat.

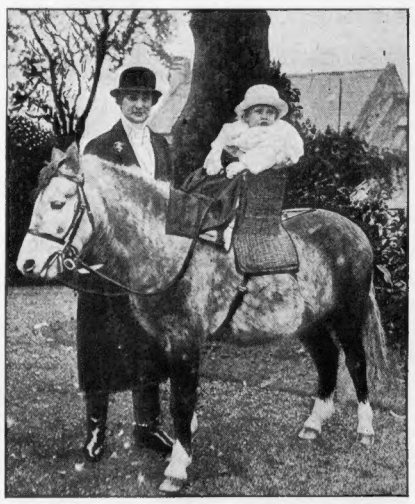
The flower attracts its prey with a sweet sticky substance which has something of the flavor and odor of honey. The insects, eager to get at this delicacy, fly into the plant's throat and part way down the hollow stalk.

As soon as the victim is safely inside, the plant closes its throat, so to speak, by springing two little rows of hair-like protuberances together, so that they form a sort of grilled barrier through which the insect cannot escape. The victim is slowly digested inside the stalk of the killer plant.

Soon after the orchids were transplanted in the Texas hothouse they began to look sickly. Florist King had heard that the flowers had been fed small portions of raw meat when insects were not available and that they had thrived on this fare. After the first meal of raw hamburg the plants improved in appearance. A piece of hamburg no larger than a good-sized pea will keep one of these orchids alive and healthy for a month.



William C. King, Texas Florist, Feeding His Carniverous Orchid With Hamburger.



Little David, the Son of Captain H. H. Liddell-Grainger, of Berwickshire, England, Rides Comfortably in His Wicker-basket Saddle.

Year-Old Baby Who Rides a Pony

LONDON.

ENGLAND'S thousands of horsemen doff their bowlers and their hunting caps to David Liddell-Grainger, a scion of the country's aristocracy, who has taken to horse at the extremely early age of one year.

Of course, this tot, who is the grandson of the Earl of Lindsey and who does his riding about the grounds of Ayton Castle in Berkwickshire, isn't a crack rider yet. In fact, starting him so young is his parents' idea.

But David, for all his youth, registers infantile delight every time his father or his mother lift him into the special wicker saddle securely strapped to the back of his personal mount, a large but gentle spirited pony.

The baby's father, Captain H. H. Liddell-Grainger, is one of the best horsemen in the British Isles, and he believes in starting children young so that the "feel of a horse" will be almost second nature to them by the time they are seven or eight years old.

Lady Muriel, David's mother, is an expert horsewoman and frequently rides to hounds with her husband and their hard-riding acquaintances. She is all for having her boy know his horse flesh from now on, but she never forgets that he is just a baby and that he really doesn't know what he's doing in his chair-like perch atop his pony's broad back. She insists on walking beside him during his rides about the park of Ayton Castle and watches him closely.

The moment England's youngest horseman gets tired, or bored, with the maneuvers, she takes him in her arms and turns the pony over to a groom. It is seldom that the scion of the house of Lindsey rides longer than half an hour at a time.

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Dancer May Become Princess

PARIS.

BACK in the days before the revolution, Prince Vassili Alexander Michailovitch, whose mother was the eldest sister of the ill-fated Czar Nicholas, felt what he calls "a tender emotion" for a dancer in the Royal Ballet. Her name is Mlle. Kyra Pinajeff.

Some day soon, if the rumors floating about the French capital are true, Mlle. Pinajeff will become Princess Michailovitch. The Prince has been much in her company for several months, and when a reporter from a Paris newspaper asked him if he and the dancer were engaged, he smiled and replied, "Why not?"

The romance is causing quite a stir in the Russian colony and only a few of the former members of the Muscovite nobility have voiced any objection to the match. These are royalists of the old school who believe that the blue blood of the ruling classes should not be mingled with the red blood of the commoners.

This talk makes little impression on handsome Prince Vassili, who, proud as he is of his lineage, seems to take the view that his title is more or less an empty thing since the upheaval in his native land.

Being a tactful fellow, the Prince never has offended any of his once rich and powerful countrymen by belittling the the significance of their titles. But he has said, many times, that he sees little chance for the re-establishment of a monarchy in Soviet Russia, and that he entertains no dream of occupying the throne of Russia—which more than a few expatriated Russian royalists envision for this real prince.

Mlle. Pinajeff declines to affirm or deny the persistent report that she is to become a Princess. All she will say is that Prince Vassili is an old and valued friend whom she has known and admired for many years. But she always blushes prettily when she says this.

ACME PHOTO

Mlle. Kyra Pinajeff, Formerly of the Russian Ballet, Who, It Is Reported, Will Become the Bride of Prince Vassili Alexander Michailovitch, Relative of the Late Czar of Russia.

Why Science Now Thinks Life Began 2,000,000,000 Years Ago

The New Discoveries of "Radioactive Clocks" Which Nature Has Left Along the Path of the Ages and Which Indicate Our World Is Much Older Than Ever Before Supposed

How the Earth Appeared Just Before Life Began to Develop in Warm, Steaming Pools—a Period Supposed Until Recently to Have Been 1,500,000,000 Years Ago, But Which Has Been Pushed Back at Least 500,000,000 Years by the "Radioactive Clocks." (From the Painting by Charles R. Knight, Copyright, Field Museum, Chicago.)

A Painting by the Same Artist Showing the First Animals Able to Exist Out of Water Even for a Short Time—Straight-Shelled Mollusks, Remote Ancestors of the Modern Octopus, Spiral-Shelled Mollusks and Trilobites, Forefathers of the Insects. These Spent a Part of Their Lives on the Sands of the Primeval Beaches When the Tides Were Low. This Period Is Now Placed About 500,000,000 Years Ago.
(Copyright, Field Museum, Chicago)

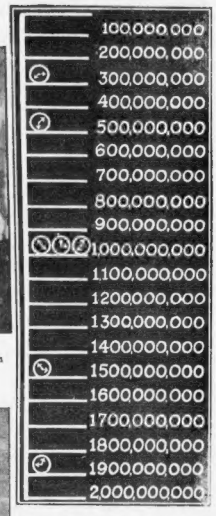


Diagram Showing When Each of the Seven "Radioactive Clocks" Started Running. Each Division in the Drawing Represents 100,000,000 Years.

NOT many centuries ago everybody thought of the world as only a few thousand years old. Creation was dated by both religious and scientific experts only a few centuries before the earliest dates in political history, like the dates of the fall of Babylon or of the building of the pyramids of Egypt. Gradually scientists uncovered evidence pushing back the beginning of earth history farther and farther into the past.

And recently modern physical science has added another long era to known earth history, dating the beginning of life almost two thousand million years ago. It has been enabled to do this by the discovery of seven deposits of radium and other radioactive substances in different parts of the world, and by calculating the rate of their shrinkage has been able to tell when they were originally deposited.

Imagine a man walking along a straight highway, the highway of history. He takes one step every hundred years. Back of him sixty steps, or about 120 feet, lies the beginning of human history in Egypt and Babylonia. Only twenty steps behind him is the beginning of the Christian era. Less than five miles behind is the beginning of mankind out of ape-like creatures, as imagined by the students of evolution. But a thousand miles behind him on that road is where life began.

Along the straight road of two billion years Nature has left, at intervals, deposits of radioactive minerals, like clocks wound up to run for millions of centuries.

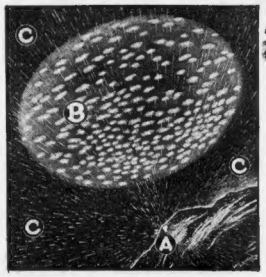
One of the chief tasks of modern earth science has been to find and to read these radioactive clocks set along the path of the ages, to fill in the probable positions of the intermediate steps on which no radioactive clock has been found, and to trace, age by age and step by step, the gigantic drama of the rise of life.

Although there are but seven places in the whole long journey where radioactive clocks of sufficient certainty to meet all scientific conditions have been discovered and their records read, it is possible, none the less, to fill in most of the circumstances of the ages in between; to figure out what was happening while life was climbing slowly up the other steps, as accurate dates for which happen to have been recorded.

Suppose, for example, that some combined carpenter and historian built an actual stairway of two thousand steps on each of which he recorded in signs or writing the history of a million years of life. Suppose, then, that some catastrophe destroyed this stairway, so that the individual steps were scattered and shifted in arrangement while some of them were damaged or destroyed. The record would not be lost hopelessly. By a sufficient amount of time and patience some other person could collect the scattered steps, reconstruct the lost or damaged ones, finally putting the whole staircase together once more in nearly as good condition as ever. This is precisely what modern scientists have done in reconstructing scores of ruined buildings of previous periods of human history.

Something like this has been the task of the geologists in reconstructing the past history of life on earth. The steps of the staircase of life may be thought of as the different layers or strata of rocks, each laid down in the ocean or in some lake or stream at some time in the past, most of them containing in the form of fossils bones of animals or shells of shellfish or impressions of plant stems or leaves to provide a partial record of the kinds of life that were on earth at that time.

By earthquakes and shifts of the continents and many other vicissitudes of our planet these layers of rock, like the steps of life's staircase, have been riven, defaced and scattered, yet many fragments of them have been found. Geologists have been able to piece together the scattered records of the rocks, and recently all known facts were assembled, studied critically and put together as accurately as possible by a committee of the National Research Council.



How a Radioactive Substance Such as Uranium, Radium, Etc., Throws Off Almost Infinitely Minute Particles Which Reduce the Quantity of the Original Substance According to a Certain Fixed Rate.

A—A Bit of Radioactive Matter Emitting Radiant Particles.

B—Splashes of Light Upon a Specially Prepared Plate, Caused by the Collision of the Particles With It.

C—The Radium Particles Shooting Off in All Directions and Traveling at the Rate of 15,000 Miles a Second.

Chief among these facts are the seven clocks approved by Professor Adolph Knopf, of Yale University, head of the National Research Council's Committee, as the ones among the many such natural timepieces which meet all the scientific conditions of accuracy and dependability.

The way that these clocks work is through the gradual disintegration of radioactive atoms. In a small bit of radium, for example, there are billions of atoms, so tiny are these ultimate units of all kinds of matter. Every second for as long as the radium lasts, a definite percentage of these radium atoms explodes. Atomic particles are shot out by the explosion, as are also a kind of rays like X-rays. It is these particles and rays, in fact, which are responsible for the value of radium in killing the cells of a cancer and in doing other useful things that radium does do.

Another thing that occurs when radium atoms explode is that there is formed from each such radium atom, when its whole series of successive explosions is complete, one atom of lead. This is the way that scientists read the radium clock.

Imagine that a layer of rock is being laid down somewhere on earth as one of the steps of the gigantic staircase of life. This rock contains, perhaps, bones of animals or leaves of plants representing the living creatures of the time. It may contain, as well, cracked mud layers or buried sand dunes or other things to indicate the kind of climate then enjoyed by the earth at that spot. It may happen, furthermore, that the rock contains bits of minerals composed in part of radium or other radioactive elements, as these minerals frequently are formed by hot waters rising from inside the earth or in other ways.

As soon as the radioactive mineral is formed, the process of explosion of the radioactive elements begins. It continues forever at a constant rate. Every second, for billions of years, just so many radium atoms will explode, just so many atoms of lead will result. Modern scientists read these radium clocks, therefore, merely by analyzing the amount of radioactive material in the mineral now and the amount of lead that has been formed.

It is quite as though an ordinary clock wore off exactly so much brass dust from its wheels every year and allowed this dust to collect in the bottom of the clock. Thousands of years from now, if the clock kept running continually, a clock maker could come along, weigh the remaining metal of the wheels and the accumulated brass dust and calculate how long the clock had been running.

A Reconstruction of the Ape-Man Called "Pithecanthropus Erectus," the Oldest Semi-Human Creature Whose Bones Have Ever Been Found.

Fossils Such as This of the Archeopteryx, the First Bird, Preserved in Rocks, Help Science to Check Up on the Age of the "Radioactive Clocks."

The radioactive clocks in the rocks are not quite so simple as this. For one thing, radium itself disintegrates too fast to be of much good as a millionyear timekeeper. About half of it vanishes, it is computed, in about 1,700 years. Another radioactive element called uranium usually is used in geologic timekeeping instead of radium, since the explosion of uranium atoms is much less frequent and half of the material will be gone only in about five billion years; longer than the longest estimates of the age of life on earth.

To read these radioactive clocks, chemists must make, as Professor Knopf describes in the recent report to the National Research Council, a whole series of laborious and highly accurate analyses. To be useful for clock purposes, furthermore, any sample of radioactive mineral must have been collected very carefully from rocks the nature and fossils of which are known very accurately. Otherwise the ancient clock might be accurate enough but the reconstructors of earth history would not be sure on exactly which step of the long staircase of life that clock had been deposited.

Because of such uncertainties Professor Knopf's committee has rejected, for accurate timekeeping purposes, hundreds of analyses and other studies made of radioactive minerals. Only the seven referred to are believed to be fully satisfactory.

The youngest of these started, it is concluded, about 250,000,000 years ago. It was deposited on one of the steps of the staircase of life at about the time that the earth's vast beds of coal were being deposited in the ancient forests. The next oldest started about 450,000,000 years ago, when the highest creatures on earth were animals like the chambered nautilus made famous in the poem of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, and when the first crude fishes were being devised by Nature in the ancient oceans.

Third in antiquity are three radioactive minerals, deposited not far apart in what is now Norway, and which were formed the calculations indicate, within the single period of a hundred million years, between 900,000,000 and 1,000,000,000 years ago. Finally, there are two satisfactory radioactive clocks that have been running longer still. One of them started 1,465,000,000 years ago in a radioactive mineral found near Keystone, North Dakota; the other started 1,852,000,000 years ago in a mineral found in what is now Russia.

This last specimen proves, the geologists agree, that the earth's crust must have been a good deal the same as now as much as 1,852,000,000 years ago. Indeed, the true age of the earth must be greater still, for this oldest of the radioactive clocks was found in a vein of still older rocks which must have been in existence millions of years before this clock was started. That is why the majority of the geologists now believe that the beginnings of the history of the earth itself and probably of the history of life on earth must be looked for as far back in the mists of time as two billion years ago.

To biologists the chief surprise of this enormous history is that life took so long to grow. The familiar Age of Reptiles, well known from the thousands of fossils of the great dinosaurs and other beasts which lived at the time, turns out to be less than two hundred million years back in the past. The first living creatures which could have been called highly organized at all are found less than half way back to life's beginning.

A billion years ago life already had been on earth, it is probable, for almost that many years. Yet the highest creatures evolved by that time were some seaweeds, even less complicated than modern ocean vegetation, and perhaps some extremely simple worms, like those which have left discoverable burrows and tracks in rocks deposited in what is now Canada.

In still earlier rocks, corresponding to the more ancient half of life's history, no definite fossils are found but there are layers of carbon, in the form of graphite like that used to make lead pencils. There is no way, biologists and geologists agree, that this graphite could be formed except by the action of life. Probably it represents the residue of the bodies of uncountable billions of bacteria and of tiny one-celled animals like the protozoa and disease germs of today.

So far as it now is possible to reconstruct the lost records of those earlier ages on earth, life took four hundred or five hundred million years to organize itself even so far as germ or an ameba. Then life needed another half billion years or more to evolve out of these primitive one-celled creatures anything as complicated as a seaweed or a worm. Finally another half billion years were absorbed in creating from the first simple worms the lowliest of creatures with complicated bodies. The first highly organized creatures to exist either on land or sea were queer, straight-shelled mollusks, relatives of the modern octopus, and others called trilobites, probably ancestors of modern insects.

Land life did not begin at all, the record shows, until more than three-fourths of the record of life on earth had passed. Mammals did not begin until more than nineteen-twentieths of the record was over. Man did not begin until 1,998,000,000 parts out of the present 2,000,000,000 had elapsed.

Age by age, the record also shows, the progress of life is faster and faster. Evolution has moved farther in the past 100,000,000 years than in the whole 1,900,000,000 years which preceded.

This is an idea of intense interest for mankind. If so much has been accomplished in the two million years or so since man first began to diverge from the apes, what may not the ever increasing pace of evolution have in store for the future?

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For Midget Apartments

Ingenious Devices to Economize Room, Furniture That Serves Several Purposes, Small Dogs for Small Flats, Almost Microscopic Fish for Lilliputian Fish Bowls, a Magic Table That Turns Into Bathtub, Washtub and Other Useful Surprises

It Was Considered a Great Achievement When the Useful Day-Bed Was Invented, but Now a Genius Has Devised an Attractive Day-Bed Which Can Be Turned Into Not One but Twin Concealed Beds.

MEN and women have not grown any smaller than they used to be, but the rooms they live in are smaller, at least in modern American cities. There is no room any longer in the midget apartment for a magnificent specimen of a St. Bernard dog, there is no room on the walls for paintings, and even father's easy chair can only be given space because by a sort of mechanical miracle it opens out and becomes a bed after the company has said goodnight and gone.

And thus it is that the squeezing and condensing of space in modern apartment houses have stirred the ingenuity of inventors to provide Lilliputian furnishings and ornaments and articles of household importance which either fold up and almost disappear when not used, or, like the members of a theatrical company on the road, play many parts during the performance.

The Common Garden Variety of Clothes Tree Has Been Improved So That Now This Useful Invention Will Hang Ten or a Dozen Suits or Coats and Eight or Nine Hats in the Same Space.

The fine, big, impressive dog of former times takes up as much room as two or three midget chairs, and has been displaced by small breeds of dogs which take up not much more room than a book. There used to be a vaudeville act with a mechanical "apartment house" dog whose tail wagged up and down instead of sideways. The dog would not be funny now because he would be too big for an up-to-date apartment, even if he had no tail at all. The ideal shape for apartment furnishings and inhabitants is tall and thin, therefore the worst possible design of dog is the dachshund which Mark Twain described as "half a dog high and a dog and a half long." He is doomed unless breeders teach him to walk on his hind legs and sleep sitting up. Then he would be perfect as a flat-dweller.

With the shrinking floor-space, tables became smaller and smaller and any sort of sizable objects on them became unpopular from taking up too much precious space. Among these loomed the goldfish bowl, which had to diminish or get out. It obligingly condensed itself to about the size of a generous coffee cup, a cramped abode in which an old-fashioned goldfish could hardly turn around. In order to avoid lowering the fish's standard of living the pet shops have found and put on the market miniature kinds of fish, little creatures not more than two-thirds of an inch long. A whole family of these tiny newcomers from tropical waters can live comfortably in a bowl where a standard-sized fish would be so cramped that he would probably feel like giving himself up to the cat.

How Midget Fish Solve the Problem of Over-Population.

Midget fish are just as lively and interesting pets as the bigger ones and take to captivity better, even breeding in their little glass jails. Children often discover a lot of microscopic baby goldfish swimming around with their parents and promise to give them to their friends, only to find some morning that they have mysteriously departed. The little ones are really still in the bowl, but no longer visible—a sad mistake has happened. During the night, Mr. and Mrs. Fish got hungry and having no access to the icebox or delicatessen store, failed to recognize their children in the dark and ate them.

That old-timer, the canary, has always been small enough but required a cage bulkier than a fish bowl. However, he and other birds have not yet felt the pinch of apartment house compression because they are one of the few things that were able to get off the crowded floor and table and live suspended in the great wide-open space near the ceiling.

Of course, people must eat, and there must be some sort of arrangement for cooking and some place to sit down to when the meal is ready. In Colonial days dinner was cooked in a huge open fireplace which the husky pioneers could step right into. Nowadays the little family stove looks as if it came from the toy store and belonged to baby's doll. And even this disappears out of sight in the wall when it is not warming up the stew bought around the corner at the delicatessen store. In ten-cent stores can be bought a one-burner electric "stove," capable of heating the contents of a small can. This smallest and lowest form of stove, when not in use, can be tossed into any drawer or be made to associate with shoes in the bottom of a closet.

Had such a utensil been handed to one of our respectable ancestresses she would undoubtedly have left home, especially if told that there was no kitchen to go with the contemptible thing, and that she was supposed to take it into the bathroom and plug it into the outlet for the curling iron and hair drier. There it would have to do its work on the gorgeous, shining washbowl, in which, quite likely, might be soaking the very expensive silk stockings of the mistress of the apartment, garments too precious and sheer to be sent to the laundry. These would later be hung up to dry during the night from the shower-curtain rod or laid across the side of the bathtub. They would be better stockings than Grandmother ever dreamed of owning, and that bathroom would be beyond anything that emperors owned in her day, but the scandalous idea of cooking, washing clothes and drying them in a bathroom!

An Indoor Clothes Drier Lets Down From the Ceiling and Hoists Up Out of the Way While Cooking Can Go On at the Kitchenette Range.

The dining-room table used to be a substantial affair with heavy frame, solid legs and able to seat fifteen or twenty people when extended. But nowadays a Colonial ancestor or even a dweller in a farmhouse, where midget life has not yet appeared, might search a modern furnished apartment and never find the dining-room table. One reason would be that he would probably find the dining room itself only in the dictionary. True, if the tenant's wife were asked, she might point to it in the degenerate and rudimentary form of a "breakfast nook" or might pull the dining room and kitchen combined out of the wall in the form of a "dinette."

A new and ingenious kitchen table just put on sale in Paris can be rapidly changed to serve an astonishing variety of uses. The interior framework is U-shaped and of steel securely welded and of great strength and has a weight of twenty-five to thirty pounds according to size. This frame is covered with lacquer paint and can be easily kept clean. Upon the frame a table top is easily adjusted. You can also use it as a tub for washing large quantities of linen. It is larger and holds more water than the washtub usually fitted in small houses, and this is an advantage to housekeepers. Further, it can be used as a bathtub for people or household pets.

The tub is ordinarily left in the table at all times. It has a convenient form and is arranged so as not to incommode the knees of diners during meals. It is placed at a convenient height for a woman washing clothes, and an arrangement in the interior prevents the washing from slipping. The outlet plug is easily opened and a pail can be placed under it to catch the water. The combined washing and bathtub is fitted with large solid feet and it can easily be placed on the ground. Grown persons wishing to take a bath would use it in that position.

The transformation into a dining table is simple. All that is necessary is to place a big table top upon it. This is at once held firmly into position by metal projections which fit into holes in the board. This ingenious table will, it is said, be useful in small apartments.

Most of the wash, of course, goes out to the laundry, and yet some things have to be laundered at home at times. But there is no backyard nor room on the roof to dry the clothes, and it is not nice to string clotheslines from the parlor to the dining-room-kitchen-laundry room. But here modern invention has arisen to the occasion and hangs the clothes on the ceiling. Clothes driers which hoist up and down can be filled with wet clothes and pulled up overhead and out of the way.

The clothes drier is one of the advance pioneers in the inevitable upward migration of objects from the crowded and shrinking floor. These things cannot escape horizontally because that would bring them outdoors or into the neighbor's flat, nor downward because that would invade the family below. The only possible movement is upward into the great wide-open space of the ceiling. Otherwise the city man of the future must return to something like the condition of the original flat-dweller, the cave man, who had no furniture at all and slept on the floor.

Where the midget flat-dweller has exposed steam radiators, she need not hang her clothes from the ceiling. There is a metal clothes drier which fits between the pipes of the radiator. It is a sort of hollow metal mast, with arms concealed within the cylinder that come out and support the wash over the radiator. This is advantageous in Winter, as the heat hastens the drying of the clothes.

To cut out the dining room was no great shock to the home because many families from the country remembered that they had eaten in the spacious kitchen except when their turn came to entertain the minister with the conventional chicken dinner. But when the landlord banished the kitchen, too, that was a major operation eliminating almost the entire alimentary canal from the flat.

While kitchens and dining rooms are obsolete in the new small apartments, their substitutes are still present in tabloid but efficient form. A stranger from the country, used to open utensils, openly arrived at, and pressing the wrong button to switch on the lights, may have a folded-up dining table fall out of the wall on him. Searching for the drawer in a heavy, chunky little table or desk, in the living room, he may find that it opens up not only into a dining room table but a completely-fitted refrigerator, stove, food cabinet and utensil closet. When his daughter gets home from business or the movies, he will sit on one side of the contraption while she prepares, cooks, serves and eats a meal from another side. Then she will put back a couple of books and the fishbowl on top of it and the thing will become a desk or table again.

A complete kitchen unit installed in a moderately sized steel cabinet (total floor space 45 inches wide and 22 inches deep) contains a complete electric or gas refrigerator, spacious utility shelves, sink, drainer, a four-burner gas stove, a complete oven and broiler, stockroom for dry foodstuff, etc. These, equipped with handsome, ornamental steel doors, are, if possible, entirely retreated into the wall.

A separate kitchenette, no matter how small, offers a far greater range of possibilities. It will, for one thing, accommodate the home-laundry, with the clothes-rack attached to the ceiling.

A dining table for either living room or kitchen, when not in use, folds up and retreats into the wall behind ordinary looking French doors. On each side of the table is a bench seating two persons, which also retires behind the folding doors. By placing chairs at the end of the tables, one or two other persons could be accommodated in a pinch. The entire outfit requires only four inches of depth in the wall. The doors, with curtained glass panels at the top, are in no way different appearing than doors which might lead to another room.

There are two styles of these disappearing tables and benches. For the living room the pieces are made of highly polished hardwood, matching, if desired, the woodwork in the room. After the meal the table may be left down and used for cards or parlor games, for the children to do their homework on, or for any other ordinary service of a table.

For the kitchen, the same set appears in lighter colored wood with porcelain top, so that it can be used in the preparation of the meal, for ironing, or for making home brew. Table and benches are independent. The table folds back flat against the wall of the four-inch recess and the benches fold back against the doors and disappear from sight when the doors are closed.

This set contains no labor-saving devices, but comfortably seats four or more persons in an apartment where there are other facilities for preparing meals. Then, when not needed, table and benches give up the space they occupied for other purposes.

Space saving in the kitchenette goes hand-in-hand with labor saving. Here labor saving has reached a point where it lends itself to additional space saving, inasmuch as it helps to eliminate the professional cook. Modern, small apartments lack facilities for the housing of servants and by reducing the efforts of housekeeping and cooking the servant question is gradually boiling down to a matter of one-two hour maid service, a convenience which is offered to tenants of almost every large, modern apartment building nowadays.

Left with the tasks of cooking, dish-washing, etc., the housewife finds herself able to accomplish most of the work through mechanical devices. Her hands need but touch the proper buttons.

One single cabinet covering only 23 by 18 inches of floor space is the modern maid of all the modern kitchenettes. It contains a variety of adjustments, all parts of a small electric unit which, properly adjusted, will mix dough, mash potatoes, beat eggs, whip cream, strain fruit, grind coffee, nuts, cereal, etc., shred cabbage, slice fruit and vegetables, extract fruit from jars, chip ice, freeze ice cream, in fact, do almost anything but nag hubby or put out the cat for the night.

Living by inches as she does, the apartment housewife begrudges the space taken by the old-fashioned large cans of food and therefore these are being crowded off the grocer's shelves by Lilliputian ten-cent ones. The big cans may give more for the money but she has no space for leftovers. Even the bread knife is becoming obsolete since loaves of bread are sold ready sliced. It will soon follow the rolling-pin, the bootjack and the Dalmatian dog that used to run under the coaches of the rich and had a coat resembling blotting paper.

The earliest and most determined assaults were against the bed which devoured more floor space than any other article and was useless two-thirds of the time. First it was made to rise on its hind legs against the wall in the form of a forbidding looking chest of drawers that fooled nobody. Then it became a couch by day and now most any substantial-looking chair may be suspected of being a disguised bed. Some couches, by a few magic movements, can be converted into not merely one but a pair of twin beds.

In strange apartments one should open closet doors cautiously lest they contain the skeleton of a bed. The Pullman sleeping cars were the pioneers in disappearing beds and also in pushing them up toward the ceiling. Some of the newest, one-room apartments advertise Pullman berths that pull down. Where old-fashioned beds still exist the waste space beneath them is commonly occupied by cedar chests on rollers. But the space above is still a total loss and the bed's future lies somewhere aloft in that white, empty desert of the ceiling.

The next largest piece, the piano, has not found any way of becoming a midget or hiding in a closet. Anyone who will turn one into an icebox or a pair of twin beds, after the party is over, should become rich and famous. Its rival, the radio, has crept into holes in the wall and learned to inhabit so many other places that most any article but the bathtub may burst into song.

In a small apartment with little closet space, the storing of extra coats and suits becomes a serious problem. An ingenious clothes tree has been made to do double duty. Below prongs for eight or nine hats is a rod to which can be attached a dozen or so clothes hangers, each with a coat or suit.

Another clothes tree has three or four sets of arms which fold up when not in use, so that the tree can be stood up in a corner, occupying no more space than an umbrella. Still another model folds up within itself, like a fishing rod, and can be carried in a suitcase. A compact but more elaborate clothes hanger fits the back of a door and has arms enough to hold an entire wardrobe.

The old-fashioned "grandfather's" clock, of course, was entirely too bulky to find room in a modern Lilliputian apartment. But many persons are still sentimental enough to like to hear the ticking of a sizeable clock, and for them has been designed a hybrid piece of furniture. At the top is a large clock, but where in grandpa's day a ponderous pendulum swung, there are shelves for any number of articles. This stand is tall, narrow and triangular, so that it can be stood in a corner. The shelves may be used for books, chinaware, bric-a-brac, or any other objects.

Bar When Not in Use Folds Up Like a Card Table.

One of the most modern of inventions is the folding bar. When not in use it folds up like a bridge table, and can be stored in a closet just like a card table and occupying hardly more space.

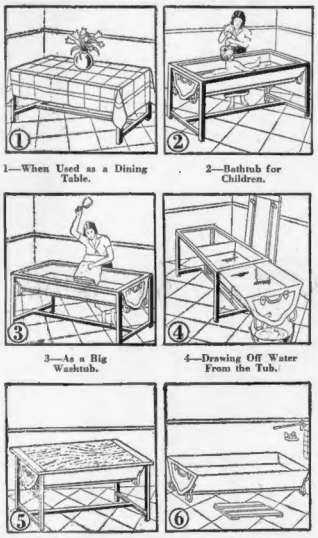
When serving its intended purpose, the bar is four feet wide and eighteen inches deep, with a gleaming brass rail at the bottom and a mahogany rail on top. In the rear, where the apartment host presides, there is a shelf half way down for bottles, glasses, cocktail shakers and mixers, a towel rack, bottle opener, ice pan, and all the other necessaries for a convivial evening.

Two or three persons can sit on this bar, and the manufacturers guarantee that it will not shake, wobble or fall over. They do not, however, make the same guarantee for the users of the bar.

What with furniture creeping up the outside of the walls and ironing boards, dining tables, beds and all sorts of other things hiding inside them, there is hardly any wall space left on which to hang pictures which have almost entirely gone out of style. This is perhaps just as well for the family nerves, considering the lunatic landscapes and mysterious daubs turned out by modern artists and of which nobody can guess the meaning unless the artist is kind enough to reveal it.

The house cat, independent as ever, has, so far, refused to shrink with the rest of the world and remains the same size as in George Washington's day. However, unless the pet shops are willing some day to lose the feline business, they had better start breeding midget cats that will be a fair match for the pocket-sized dogs.

The Magic Dining Table.



1—When Used as a Dining Table.

2—Bathtub for Children.

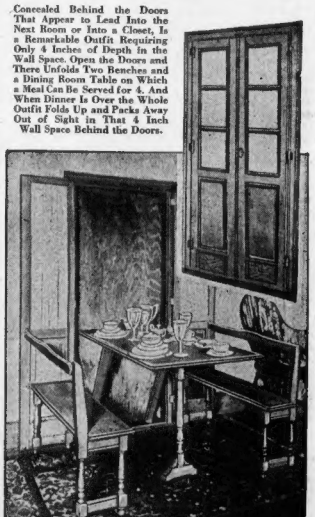
3—As a Big Washtub.

4—Drawing Off Water From the Tub.

5—As a Kitchen Table.

6—As a Bathtub for Grown Persons.

Concealed Behind the Doors That Appear to Lead Into the Next Room or Into a Closet, Is a Remarkable Outfit Requiring Only 4 Inches of Depth in the Wall Space. Open the Doors and There Unfolds Two Benches and a Dining Room Table on Which a Meal Can Be Served for 4. And When Dinner Is Over the Whole Outfit Folds Up and Packs Away Out of Sight in That 4 Inch Wall Space Behind the Doors.



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Kidnaped the Racing Dog and Painted Him Black

Surprising Discovery on English Dog-Racing Track That "Black Astor," the Mystery Dog That Was Winning All the Races, Was the Famous White Greyhound "Beau Sabre" That Had Been Stolen From Its Kennels

Snapshot Photograph of "Beau Sabre" Winning a Race.

£100 REWARD
The above Reward will be paid to any person or persons who will supply information that will lead to the recovery of the two Greyhounds taken from the Valley Kennels, Hanwell, on Thursday evening, 19th.
Apply Mrs. E. G. WESTLEY, Church
Phone: Ealing 4177.
BEAU SABRE—White and Fawn Dog, white
BEAUVALLON—Red
Up to tail. Dew

Happy Expression on Mrs. Westley's Face as She Holds the Kidnaped Dog on Her Lap, but the Pet Seems Sad and Rather Ashamed of His False Coat.

The Valuable Prize-Winning Greyhound "Beau Sabre" in His Natural Coat of White Fur With Fawn Colored Spots.

LONDON, March 25.

ENGLAND is rejoicing in the happy ending to the season's big crime mystery in high dog society.

Last December Beau Sabre, famous greyhound racing star, and his sister were kidnaped by unseen villians at dead of night. Rewards and ransoms were offered, Beau Sabre's already well-known pictures were reprinted in the papers, clues were found, followed and lost with all England, even Scotland Yard, hunting in vain for this canine celebrity. Detectives had secret interviews with shady characters in the dog underworld of race-track gamblers.

Yet all this time thousands of people were watching him win races under the name of Black Astor. The reason nobody suspected was because Beau Sabre wore such a disguise that not even Scotland Yard could penetrate it. In fact the husband of the dog's mistress did not recognize Sabre at first; but that did not matter because the dog knew the man and set him right.

Mrs. Edith Gladys Westley, of Hanwell, Middlesex, has a kennel of 15 greyhounds trained to pursue the electric jack rabbit around the dog racing tracks that have become so popular in the last five years. The pride of the kennel was Beau Sabre, who with his sister, Beauvallon, had been bought as a puppy in 1929. Sabre grew to be a fine 57-pound dog, affectionate, intelligent and sensitive, as these racing thoroughbreds usually are. He had won a great many races, including five important cups, which made him one of England's most celebrated dog athletes.

A few days before Christmas Mrs. Westley fed her dogs as usual at 4:30 P. M. and at dusk bedded them down for the night. Next morning, when she came across the Brent Valley golf course to the kennels, she knew something was wrong. Whining and occasional sharp, nervous barks came to her ears. As she started to put her key in the padlock of the kennel door it fell to the ground, revealing that the staple had been pulled out and lightly stuck back.

Inside she found the stalls belonging to Beauvallon and her great brother Beau Sabre empty, and thirteen pairs of anxious eyes watched to see what she thought about it. Any dog knows that strangers should not come at night and Mrs. Westley learned that there had been an outburst of barking about 2 A. M., which had quieted down so soon that she suspects that one of the kidnapers knew the dogs. The ground was frozen, leaving no footsteps to indicate how many had been in the kidnaping party and if they had led or carried the dogs to a car presumably waiting in the roadway.

The neighborhood was searched, the police of all England notified and through Scotland Yard were sent out 1,000 copies of a notice and a reward offer of $500. Besides his height, weight, etc., Beau Sabre was described as a greyhound, white with fawn patches, dew claws missing and light toe nails. After two weeks of false hopes and disappointing clues Mrs. Westley and her husband began to give up hope that they would be found and spread the word around the race tracks that she would pay $1,000 ransom for the return of the two dogs.

A few weeks later a previously unknown greyhound appeared far away at Hanley in Trent, where there is a dog race track not licensed by the National Greyhound Association. He was called Black Astor and seemed well named. A jet black male even to his toe nails, he had a bored, indifferent look such as the general public had associated with the late William Astor.

While the other dogs on the way to the trap showed the usual high-strung nervousness, even to sometimes taking a nip at one another, Astor ignored them. Looking over their heads his aristocratic eyes seemed ever to be searching for someone more worthy of his association. When the mechanical rabbit started down the track and the trap releasing the dogs was sprung, Astor dashed out with the others, showing a great burst of speed until he had gotten his favorite position at the pole. Thus far he ran like a champion but from then on his behavior was peculiar. As often as a dog would try to pass, Astor would exert himself just enough to keep the lead but no more. He puzzled the experts in the grand stand.

"What's the matter with that Black Astor?" was heard. "He's lazy. All he wants to do is win. He could run twice as fast as that. His mind isn't on the race."

"Yes," the man who had entered him, admitted sadly, "Astor would be a world-beater if he would only attend to business. I don't know what is on his mind but he simply won't exert himself. That is why I don't run him on the big tracks."

For a dog with no reputation Astor was surprisingly heavily backed and won his first five races. Then just as everyone was betting on him he threw the sixth in a most unaccountable manner. Half way around the track and, as usual, just comfortably in the lead, the lean black form was seen to suddenly stiffen cut and put on the brakes skidding in a cloud of dust while the rest of the pack flew past. Then indifferent to the howls of rage from the grand stand, he pointed his long thin snout in the air, sniffed vigorously a moment and then trotted slowly after the others. The grand stand called Astor terrible things as he passed.

Though the track was not licensed its manager was an honest man who understood dogs. He asked himself what Astor could possibly have on his mind that would make him stop in the midst of a race because he imagined he smelt somebody or something familiar. A dog's mind can only be interested in one thing at a time. So the manager went around and took a look at the black hound. The dog and the manager gazed at each other a while and then the manager got a hunch. Some believe that it was telepathy from the canine mind to a sympathetic human one, but more likely it was the nervous behavior of the man who said he owned the dog.

Anyway, over the protests of that master, the dog was examined by a veterinary surgeon who, on turning over his hairs very carefully, found one or two white ones that had been only partly dyed black with a fine, fast dye. It took a magnifying glass to penetrate the disguise.

So the manager of the track communicated with the police. They in turn rang up Mr. Westley and he hastened up to Hanley. When he went to the kennels, he was shown Black Astor but he could not find any traces of his wife's Beau Sabre. This was a black dog, and even his toes were black whereas those of Beau Sabre had been white. But what Mr. Westley could not do, the dog did for him.

As soon as he entered the kennels and spoke, the black dog leaped at him in an ecstasy of delight and jumped up at him to lick him. Beau Sabre recognized his master although his master could not recognize him. Mr. Westley was thunderstruck at the difference but his amazement was nothing to that of Mrs. Westley when her husband brought to their home the dyed greyhound.

Jack Stone and Patrick J. Hanill were charged with stealing the dog. Both were acquitted for lack of conclusive evidence on that count but Hanill was found guilty of unlawful possession and fined $75.

After his return, Beau Sabre, though he ate well, looked unhappy, showing that unnatural indifference which the people at Hanley had thought a high-hat attitude that went with the name of Astor, and the Westleys at first supposed he was worried over his missing sister. To recapture her seemed hopeless and was made sadder by the fact that she was an expectant mother. The sad-eyed Beau Sabre was brought from the kennels to the house in vain hops of cheering him up.

The other day, dozing by the fire, he suddenly jumped to his feet, ran to the door and with scratches and excited, throaty barks indicated that he wanted it opened. This was done and there stood his long-lost sister, Beauvallon, hungry, muddy, travel-worn but otherwise all right. At first she shied away from her black brother until her nose told her that in spite of this deep-dyed villainy, it was he. Next day, at the kennels the expected, happy event occurred.

But Beau Sabre didn't cheer up after all. Veterinaries and other dog experts decided the dog's mental condition was caused by shame at his queer appearance and chemists have reported that it would be unsafe to bleach him out. So the victim of this black crime won't be fit to race against dogs of his class, on account of that inferiority complex, until he sheds the dyed coat or gets used to it.

To have stolen two dogs from a kennel was nothing new but to race one of them as a "ringer" certainly is. Horses are often stolen, painted up and raced under false names but the horse is a very different animal. He lacks the dog's interest in the family, rarely knowing enough to answer to his own name or caring enough to turn around at the sound of his master's voice. Though the horse prefers his own jockey and trainer, any other competent man will be accepted. No stolen horse would stop in the middle of a race even if he saw his former master, as Beau Sabre did when he imagined he smelt him. And, of course, in race or at exercise, there is always a man on the back of the race horse.

Beau Sabre had to be left to his own guidance once the race started. The rabbit is, of course, a dummy, attached to an electric motor capable of whirling it around the track many times faster than the fleetest dog but is kept just ahead of the leader. The hounds for each race are placed in a "trap," consisting of a number of little stalls, side by side. In front is a canvas cover operated by electricity so that it flies up just as the electric rabbit dashes by. The dogs need no urging to pursue it.

Many suppose that the dogs go through their entire racing career in the delusion that if they could only run fast enough they could get their teeth into a live bunny. In reality the dog isn't fooled any more than marksmen shooting at clay pigeons. At tracks where the dogs are trained, the electric rabbit is not kept a mystery but felt out for them to sniff over and study. However, the sight of the fleeing object excites their instinct to pursue and to outrun the other dogs. Probably the animals get more fun out of the race than spectators, especially those who bet on the wrong ones.

On a licensed track the spurious Black Astor would never have gotten as far as the trap, because every dog must have a card of identity and registration containing full and accurate description. Besides this, every inch of the dog's body is scrutinized to prevent various ingenious tricks. Most of these were devised in the much older institution of racing whippets, a smaller edition of the greyhound.

Some years ago, in Lanarkshire, Scotland, a pure white whippet appeared. Being a novice he was given a big handicap and won easily. For several succeeding races, though the handicap was reduced, he continued to win and his owner to make a great "killing" with the bookmakers. Then one day the white dog got away during a thunder shower and came back a brindle color which was easily recognized as the coat of a well-known performer who had won so many races that he became a "back marker," that is, a dog forced to race almost from "scratch." The disguise had been merely whitewash. But this dog had not been stolen, like Beau Sabre.

One of the tricks that must be watched for is "tying," in which a rubber band of just the right size and strength is slipped around the dog's toes. This does not hurt the animal or even annoy it much until it starts to run and then cramps the toe-action just enough so it runs poorly. After losing a few races the dog is given a better handicap, the elastic is removed, big money is bet on him and he wins.

Another favorite tricks of slowing a dog is "clogging," that is dropping a minute piece of hot sealing wax on the hairs between the pads of his feet. A tiny bit of wax attached to the hairs on the inside of the stifle joint of the hind leg, the joint that bends the reverse of the human knee, will make a champion run like a third-rater. The dog does not notice the wax until he gets going full speed and then every time that joint closes up the wax sticks into his skin.

Mrs. Edith Gladys Westley, Owner of "Beau Sabre," After the Animal Had Been Recovered, but Now a Black Dog Instead of White and Fawn Colored.

The "Trap" Where the Dogs Are Held Until the Dummy Rabbit Starts Over the Track. The Imitation Rabbit Is Operated Electrically and as It Starts the Dogs Are Released to Pursue It.

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American Women Spend Millions Annually on the Care of their Hands . . . how much of this money do they waste through carelessness?

A neat, handy top . . . with the holes already made for you.

AMERICAN women buy annually 52,000 tons of cleansing cream . . . 26,000 tons of skin lotion . . . 19,000 tons of complexion soaps—spend millions of dollars a year on the care of their hands. But why not? Hands tell a lot. They hint at your age, indicate your refinement, suggest your financial status.

Indeed, there's just one thing wrong about such an expense in money, time and effort—that so much of it is wasted through carelessness! As an example, take the housewife who thoughtlessly uses some harsh, gritty household cleanser. Such cleansers irritate the skin, make it red, rough and unattractive—and mar the fingernails, make them brittle and dull.

Take warning then: If you do your own housework and *if* you want soft, clear-complexioned hands, let your household cleanser *always* be Bon Ami.

Bon Ami does not redden or roughen your skin or injure your fingernails. (As a matter of fact, many women use Bon Ami for cleaning their hands and fingernails—they say it keeps them so clear and nice.) Bon Ami is soft and fine, yet thoroughly efficient. Neither does it scratch any surface it cleans—bathtubs, kitchen sinks, tiling, metals, mirrors, windows, white woodwork, etc.

A SMART, NEW BATHROOM ACCESSORY

In addition to the regular *Powder* and *Cake*, you can now get Bon Ami in a gracefully shaped, black and gold *de luxe Package for Bathrooms*. It's as smart a package as you've ever seen . . . as pretty indeed as your other lovely bathroom bottles and boxes. You'll be proud to keep it in full sight and always handy, on the side of the tub or on the shelf. And remember, Bon Ami leaves no gritty sediment in your tub or basin . . . doesn't clog drain pipes . . . and is odorless. When next out marketing, ask your grocer to show you the beautiful *de luxe Package*.

THE BON AMI COMPANY . . . . . NEW YORK, N. Y.

Why go to all of this trouble, bother and fuss . . .

. . . and spend your good money, as well as hours of time . . .

. . . to keep your hands and your fingernails looking lovely . . .

. . . only to mar them with harsh, gritty cleansers . . .

. . . when Bon Ami doesn't harm their beauty and charm.

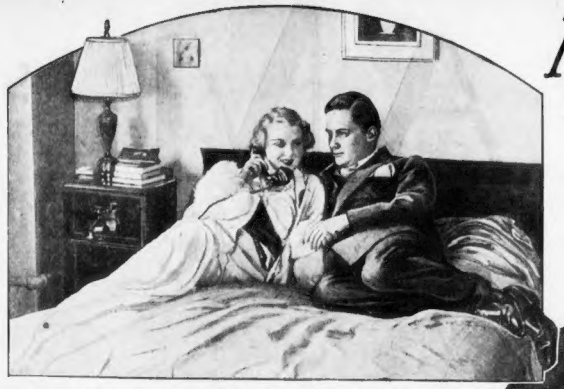
BON AMI

FOR BATHROOMS—*Hasn't Scratched Yet!*

©1931, The Bon Ami Company

Mary Nolan's Evil Jinx

45 Times This Famous Beauty Has Been Pursued by Misfortune and the Latest and Hardest Blow Now Beckons Her to Prison or the Morgue



At Last the Clouds of Sorrow and Misfortune Seemed to Have Broken and the Long-Delayed Sunshine of Happiness Appeared When Mary Married the Young Broker, Wallace Macrery, Jr., and They Are Seen in This Photograph on Their Honeymoon. But the Worst Was Yet to Happen.

IF Fate were a responsible person who could be sued in court, like a man with money, Mary Imogene "Bubbles" Wilson Robertson Nolan, former "Follies" beauty, could present a prima facie case for big damages, charging malicious persecution.

But Fate's lawyer would show evidence of contributory negligence, in fact that when nobody happened to be knocking poor Mary down, she would trip over her own dainty feet and land in the gutter just the same. She got good breaks as well as bad.

Kind Nature, like a good fairy, endowed little Mary Imogene Robertson with rare and exquisite beauty—and then Fate, as if jealous of her loveliness, began to torment her. The first and surest way to menace a child's future is to rob it of the shelter and safeguards of father and mother—so when Mary was three years old she became an orphan.

But Fate was mocked—little Mary was shielded from harm in the seclusion of a convent. It is, however, illness and accident which chiefly befall little girls of tender years; Mary was to be spared for the more tragic things which come to older girls. So just as the child ripened into almost premature young womanhood Fate struck again. Mary's older sister who had looked after her as best she could died; Mary left the convent and faced the world alone at the age of 13.

In the convent Mary had been forced to wash and scrub, but then most self-made men and woman say that a hardworking childhood was the making of them. Mary arrived, at the age of 13, in New York penniless and friendless, ripe for tragedy, but Fate held its hand for the moment and her marvelous blond beauty promptly won her work, posing for artists.

This was not very safe work for a convent girl but at that critical moment Frank Lyendecker, the well-known artist, made it his business to see that she made no mistakes and that nobody took advantage of the child. Perhaps that kindly guidance was all she needed, but Fate snatched it away. One morning when she telephoned to ask his advice a strange voice informed her that he had committed suicide. That angelic face and lovely figure got her all the posing she wanted which was not so bad considering that thousands of girls come to New York and starve.

At the age of fourteen Fate offered Mary the choice of two enormous portions of good and bad luck and she took both. To become a "Follies" girl has been the hopeless ambition of millions of women. Those who succeed consider their fortunes made. That year Mary, under the name of Imogene Wilson, entered that glorified company. What a break! And yet, at the same time, she ruined it all by becoming the sweetheart of Frank Tinney, then at the height of his fame. Nothing worse could have happened to either of them.

The reason that being a "Follies" girl is so valuable is because her name and picture are published all over the world—a million dollars worth of free advertising for these ladies, resulting in rich husbands or rich screen contracts, if they manage well, and sometimes disaster if they don't. Imogene's name and picture went out as much as anyone's, but with it went rumors of being mixed up with this funny Mr. Tinney who happened to be married.

As the sweetheart of the very prosperous comedian and a "Follies" girl Imogene ought never to have been hard up but she was and frequently had to pick up extra money posing. Even this she could not do without sensationally mismanaging things. One morning when Mr. Tinney for some time had not kicked or punched her into the news, the papers announced that during a blizzard the night before she had fallen fainting on the doorstep of Artist Harrison Fisher.

That anyone would black an angel's eye was a novel idea and to Mr. Tinney a humorous one. As Imogene had an angelic face funny Frank used to delight in blacking her eyes, just for fun. After four years of such mistreatment someone persuaded the foolish girl to get Tinney out of her life. But even good advice is useless to "Bubbles," as she was now called. Next time Frank called she tried to eject him from her apartment. The comedian pulled out some of her hair, pulled off most of her clothes and kicked and punched her till she was black and blue all over.

For this she haled him into a police court where with any ordinary man it would have gone hard, but Tinney turned the proceedings into a farce, had judge and everyone in the courtroom except "Bubbles" in stitches and got away with it. On top of this Mrs. Tinney named her as co-respondent in her divorce suit. Disgusted with so much bad publicity, the "Follies" fired "Frank's punching bag."

Just then Tinney sailed for an engagement in London so that "Bubbles" was rid of her tormentor, at last. The most foolish thing she could possibly have done at that time was to follow him, so she did it on the next boat. Calling at his dressing room she collected the last of many black eyes she was to receive from him, and took it to Germany.

45 Hard Knocks Fate Has Dealt 24-Year-Old Mary Imogene "Bubbles" Wilson Nolan.

1. Mary becomes an orphan at age of three.

2. Sent to a convent as a charity student, where she had to wash and scrub.

3. Oldest sister dies when Mary is thirteen and child leaves the convent to face the world.

4. Arriving in New York penniless and friendless, seeks work posing for artists and as a chorus girl.

5. Is befriended by Frank Lyendecker, the well-known artist, but he commits suicide.

6. While still only fourteen becomes the sweetheart of Frank Tinney, famous comedian.

7. Then begins four years of mistreatment by Tinney. Her eyes were frequently blacked and she was often knocked down, bitten and kicked.

8. At the age of fifteen swoons at midnight in a raging blizzard on doorstep of home of Harrison Fisher, the artist, where she had gone to make extra money posing.

9. As youngest girl, was teased and tormented by the other girls in the "Follies" and subjected to their practical jokes.

10. After four rough years with Tinney, Mary turns on her tormentor and tries to throw him out of her apartment. She is bruised from head to foot and her clothing torn off in the struggle.

11. Mary appeals to the courts to protect her from the comedian, but Tinney turns the police court trial into a farce with his wisecracks, and Mary as usual again gets the worst of it.

12. Named as co-respondent in Mrs. Tinney's divorce suit, which brings unpleasant notoriety.

13. Discharged from her place in the "Follies," because of the unfavorable publicity.

14. Unable to secure stage work in New York, she goes to London, arriving there without a dollar. Tinney already in London.

15. Makes the mistake of calling on Tinney at his theatre and receives a black eye.

16. Rebuffed on all sides in London, Mary borrows the money and goes to Berlin to begin her film career.

17. Suffers nervous breakdown in Berlin and has to go to the hospital.

18. Pursued and harassed by newly-rich business magnates and broken-down noblemen.

19. When she laughs at the persistent attentions of a foreign diplomat, the envoy drops diplomacy and also drops Mary with a hard punch on her nose.

20. Beaten up by over-ardent film director in Berlin.

21. Threatened with shooting by jealous wife of movie operator.

22. Flees to Munich to escape lawsuits over clothes and controversies about contracts.

23. Receives very cold reception on arrival in Hollywood and is informed that she cannot work in pictures.

24. John Barrymore, among others, refuses to work with her in pictures.

25. Socially she is avoided as too notorious and told she can't "come back."

26. For no good reason, Mary claims, she is put out of one hotel after another.

27. A serious automobile accident interrupts her career and forces her to take a long lay-off.

28. Hires a personal bodyguard, fearing her jealous enemies would do her physical violence.

29. Charged with using narcotics, when she was confined to her bed by a severe case of sunburn. Later completely exonerated.

30. Suddenly removed from cast of "What Men Want."

31. Sued for $640 by Munich clothing firm.

32. Hollywood movie company declines to renew contract.

33. Sued for breaking German movie contract while in Berlin.

34. Sued for $11,887 by Hollywood firm for alleged money advanced.

35. Married toWallace T. Macrery, young New York broker.

36. Goes into bankruptcy in New York owing $92,796; assets nothing.

37. Moves to Los Angeles and is arrested on old complaint for non-payment of domestic help, but makes settlement.

38. With her husband, establishes "Mary Nolan Gown and Hat Shop" at Los Angeles.

39. Sued by physician for old unpaid bill; settles by giving him furniture.

40. Sued for $1,850 furniture bill; judgment rendered against her.

41. Gown and Hat Shop is a failure and thirteen employes bring suit for unpaid wages.

42. Under California law, Mary and husband found criminally guilty by jury of failing to pay wages and are held for sentence.

43. They then settle up claims of employes, but are each sentenced to thirty days in Jail for attempt to evade payment.

44. Released on bail, while their conviction is appealed for new trial.

45. (Undetermined by Fate). Will Mary go to jail; will she escape jail; will she choose suicide, as she says she will?

Mary Nolan in Tears.

"Prison? You will never see my face behind the bars—but you may see my body on a slab in the morgue. I'll kill myself before going to jail!" Mary Nolan Said.

As Imogene "Bubbles" Wilson, Fate Had Relentlessly Pursued Her, But Under Her New Name, Mary Nolan, She Waves Goodbye With a Confident Smile as She Sails for Europe to Forget and Leave Her Troubles Behind Her.

Once more she got a break, obtaining a chance in pictures and making a hit. She was starred and her troubles were over. All she had to do was obey the laws, one thing that Germans are a little fussy about. A picture director, however, blacked one of her eyes, and a nobleman who was in love with "Bubbles," seeing this decoration, became jealous and blacked the other. Also a jealous wife hunted her with a pistol. Meanwhile "Bubbles" kept running up debts and ignoring court orders until she had to skip the country.

Returning to New York, she found Tinney a divorced, down-and-out invalid and hurried on to Hollywood, which had seen how well she had screened in those German films. Yes, Hollywood would give "Bubbles" a chance, just one. They told her that there were two strikes on her, one in New York and the other in Germany. The first time she got herself kicked, punched, or chased with a gun or otherwise disgraced she was through. She would have to be good three years if it killed her.

"Bubbles" changed her name to Mary Nolan and tried. She revealed no great ability as an actress but that did not matter because she was so pretty. She did not have to be a good actress but merely a good woman, "which is something else again," and hard for some people. John Barrymore and others declined to work in the same picture with her. Socially she was almost an outcast because her name printed as attending any party made it seem a rowdy party and she was put out of one hotel after another, for no reason at all (according to Mary).

Miss Nolan became so furious at this "conspiracy" that she hired a body guard to protect her from her mysterious "enemies." However, she was getting by in the films until an automobile accident spoiled everything by laying her up a long time. While she was recuperating other blows began to fall. The Germans, hearing that "Sprudeln," (German for Bubbles) was a Hollywood star, brought suits for unpaid bills, broken contracts, etc., for many thousands of dollars. Then came the cruelest of all, and entirely undeserved, a charge of using narcotics from which she was later entirely exonerated. But it was the last straw. They called the third strike on her. She was let out of the cast of "What Men Want" and finally out of her job entirely.

Then, at life's blackest moment, she achieved the typical "Follies" girl ambition and married a Wall Street stock broker, Wallace T. Macrery. For about the fourth time in her brief career Mary appeared to be fixed for life and once more Fate was just playing with her, as a cat plays with a mouse. Wall Street is not what it used to be, and soon Mary was going through bankruptcy in New York, listing liabilities $92,796, assets 0.

Back in Los Angeles, the debts piled up again. Dr. R. C. Weirsbach sued her for a bill of $875, which she settled by giving him her furniture. But no sooner was this deal closed than a furniture house rose with a roar, claiming the most of the furniture was theirs because Mary had not paid the instalments on it. Such things did not worry Mary much, because she had become used to letting creditors howl. Creditors bark, but they can't bite, she thought.

In California, however, there happens to be a law that protects one kind of creditor. If anyone hires employes he must pay them or go to jail, as Mary discovered to her indignation when she declined to pay wages of her cook, chauffeur, nurse and a fiddler who had played $50 worth of soothing syrup music for Mary's nerves. They took Mary to court, introduced her to that law and the money was quickly found.

Since few women have so much publicity as Mary Nolan, it seemed a bright idea to cash in on it by opening a "Mary Nolan Gown and Hat Shop." Women in droves came to the place and gaped at the proprietress, but all seemed afraid to touch her stock. The shop ran 40 days and took in just $75.

When the crash came it was all right to laugh at the landlord and the houses that had sold her the stock, the fixtures, etc., but her unpaid employes took Mary and her husband to court on that same law. The jury said "guilty" and Municipal Judge Nye sentenced both Mary and her husband to 30 days in jail even though they settled up with the employes after the jury found them guilty. Mary and her Wall Street husband were let out on bail pending appeal to a higher court. If the upper court affirms that sentence, what will Mary Nolan do? She says:

"Prison? You will never see my face behind the bars—but you may see my body on a slab in the morgue. I'll kill myself before going to jail."

The lovely exterior of Mary Nolan's head seems to attract all sorts of good fortune, but something inside prompts her to throw everything away.

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"This year I AM economizing"

By a wife who drives the family car

"Jim and I figured it out one evening three months ago. He'd just taken a good look at our bank account, and it had given him quite a jolt. So we sat down after supper to see what we could do about it.

"One thing was certain—we couldn't give up the car. Jim had to get to work—Betty had to be taken to school—I had to do my marketing. Besides, what about week-ends? No, sirree!

"But we couldn't afford to have any more big bills bobbing up from the garage. Pay as we go—that was our motto from then on. It had to be!—one big bill would ruin the finest budget ever made!

"'Better use Esso,' said Jim. 'It hurts a little more when you buy it, but it sure does keep the old engine fit as a fiddle. I'd rather pay a bit more per gallon as I buy—when I've got it—than take a wallop for carbon removal or what-not every so often—when I'm flat. How about it, Beautiful?'

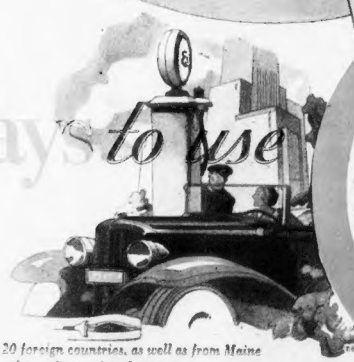
"Of course I was tickled pink that Jim saw things that way. Women, I guess, understand real economy better than men—men are so impatient, usually! Besides, Aunt Mary had told me a thing or two about Esso in Uncle Bob's big eight.

"So it's been Esso for us for the last three months. Honestly, now, figure it out for yourself! We average around 7500 miles a year. Give us as low as 15 miles a gallon (a cinch with Esso—and our car!) That means—let's see—500 gallons a year.

"And *that's* only $15 more for Esso for twelve long months. You know as well as I do what one good garage bill will do to $15!

"Besides—think of the fun of driving with Esso all year round!"

it Pays to use



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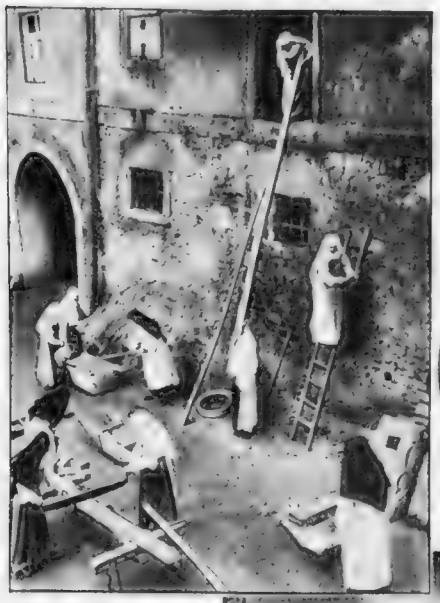
MORE POWERFUL THAN ANY GASOLINE

Training Bavarian Nuns for Self-Sacrificing Service in Africa

Delicately Nurtured Women Taught at the Convent to Work as Farmers, Ditch-Diggers, Masons, Carpenters and Nurses Under the Burning African Sun



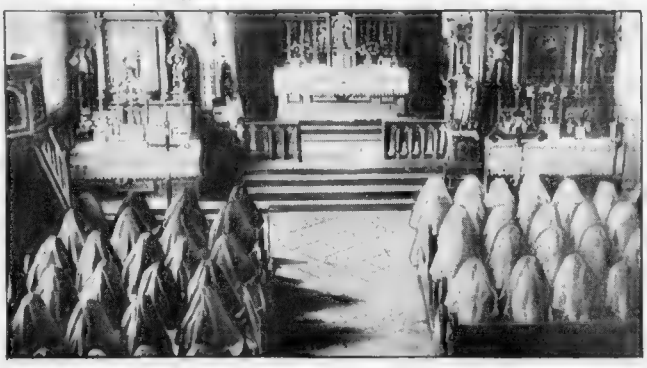
The Nuns Repairing and Extending Their Old Convent at Strahlfeld, Bavaria. They Will Make Use of the Knowledge of Building Thus Gained in Their Labors in Africa.

Waldgraf, the Superb Bavarian Ox of the Convent Herd, Is the Pride of the Nuns and Is Carefully Cleaned and Groomed by Them Every Morning.

Dominican Nuns Starting Out for a Day's Labor in the Fields in a Rough Farm Wagon.

Working in the Fields.

Wheeling a Block of Stone.



Morning Service in the Convent Chapel in the Bavarian Forest; Nuns and Novices Are Separated.

A Nun Trained as Architect Showing the Plans of a New Building to the Prioress.

BERLIN, March 12.

REMARKABLE results are being achieved by the Order of Dominican Nuns in Christianizing and civilizing Africa. Their object is to make clean, well-behaved Christians of the women and children of the Dark Continent, and they are succeeding admirably.

How these results are obtained can best be understood by a visit to the great convent at Strahlfeld in the heart of the Bavarian forest, which is one of the most important establishments of the order. The building which the nuns occupy is the ancient castle of Strahlfeld, once a warlike stronghold, which they are busily repairing and extending as part of their training for their labors of building and improving dwelling [illegible] Land.

The highly useful and practical character of the work done by the nuns has impressed all who have been privileged to visit their establishment. These worthy women are, in most cases, of good birth, education and breeding. Having taken the solemn vows and the habit and veil of their order, they must devote their whole lives to their duties and must carry out unquestionably to the utmost of their ability whatever labor is assigned to them by their superiors. Even if the task assigned to them leads to certain death, they must go on with it unflinchingly. The heads of the order would not, of course, send the devoted nuns to their death unnecessarily or assign them to dangerous work unless there is a good reason for it.

Much of the missionary duty is necessarily of a severe, arduous and often dangerous character. The nuns must face tropical heat and diseases, the danger of uprisings by fanatical natives, and the possibility of attacks by wild animals. Their superiors are careful to choose nuns of strong physique and good health for such duties. A glance at the photographs of the nuns will reveal this fact at once.

In preparation for mission service the nuns must be able to do every kind of work necessary for existence in a rough, uncivilized country. They must be able to do without the help of men, both because their rules do not permit close co-operation with men, and because, in most cases, they will find no skilled men laborers. They must be able to raise all kinds of food needed for existence in the tropics. They must be ready to do the heaviest kind of labor—to dig ditches, build houses, plow the fields, reap the harvest, drive oxen, make roads, and so on.

In order to meet the heavy requirements made of them, they learn to perform all their duties efficiently in the convent at Strahlfeld before they are sent into the missionary field. If any of them fail under the severe tests imposed on them, they will not be sent into the uncivilized districts.

The visitor is at once struck by the fact that the nuns do all the hard and heavy labor required of them at the convent wearing the long skirts, veils and other features of the regular dress of their Order. Much of the work they have to do is of a character which seems to call for some workmanlike costume, such as overalls, but the nuns cannot hope for such a convenience and they will have to wear their heavy, cumbrous costume under the burning sun of Africa.

The wearing of this dress, with the long, black veil crowning it is, of course, an indispensable rule of the Order of Dominican Nuns. Even when climbing ladders during building operations and working in the high and tall growth of the fields, they must always wear their inconvenient skirts at full length.

They are not permitted even to turn them up when working in long, wet grass. In spite of the serious handicap imposed by their costume, they show great efficiency and very few are found unfit to go on foreign service. The visitor is also struck by the air of happiness and good nature with which the nuns go about their severe labors. These are qualities which will be very useful when they are helping to convert the black women and children to Christianity, and teaching them better and healthier ways of living and keeping house.

The superiors of the order who have had service in the missionary field deliver long lectures to the nuns every evening on the objects they are to strive for in Africa. The nuns are praying or working every minute of their waking hours. Their first duty is, of course, to bring converts to the Christian religion, but in addition to that they have an unlimited field for doing good. Their great influence will be exerted on the homeless women and their children of savage and backward races. They will be able to promote the cause of civilization, science and art by imparting their own knowledge and education to these people.

Germany expects the nuns to accomplish valuable work in keeping alive German influence in distant parts of the world. Germany has, for the present, been deprived of all her colonies, but she has not abandoned her interest in undeveloped countries, and, as is well known, many Germans still hope for some restoration of the colonies. At present some Germans are going to Africa and other parts of the world as colonists under other nations. The missionaries are very useful in assisting such temporary efforts at colonization. The presence of the good nuns, working chiefly among poor savage women and children, is one to which no foreign power can reasonably object.

It is pointed out that the German Catholics have a great advantage over German Protestants as missionaries under present conditions. The Protestant missionaries are not usually welcomed by their former enemies, but the German Catholics have the advantage of being supported by the missionary authorities at the Vatican, and of being assisted by the fellow members of their historic organizations, who are established throughout the world. The German Benedictine Fathers, for instance, have important establishments in Korea, which is near the present centre of world disturbance, and they have kept up their work in spite of all the difficulties they have encountered. They have established universities, schools and hospitals.

The Jesuit fathers are frequently mentioned as having been the first of all missionaries, but it appears more probable that this distinction belongs to the Dominicans. It is stated that the latter carried the faith to some parts of Asia and Africa as early as the [illegible] century—that is to say, [illegible] years before [illegible] Columbus set [illegible] Spanish [illegible] Portuguese [illegible] Dominican [illegible] Asia [illegible] Japan, [illegible] China [illegible] Dominican [illegible] Spanish [illegible] Portuguese [illegible] Dominican [illegible] Spanish [illegible] Portuguese [illegible] Dominican [illegible] Spanish [illegible] Portuguese

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"Ziegfeld Follies of The Air"
Personally conducted by Flo Ziegfeld
Columbia Coast-to-Coast Network every Sunday, 8 P. M., Eastern Time

Compare values . . . See how much more the Plymouth dollar buys!

Biggest surprise in all motordom . . . no question about it . . . is the New and Finer 1932 Plymouth.

Surprising because it is so much bigger . . . and finer . . . and smarter . . . and richer-looking than anybody ever expected in a car priced around $500.

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Surprising . . . most of all . . . when you line it up with the two other cars of its price and note how it stands out at once in appearance, style, size and quality of finish . . . in modern engineering features . . . in a score of points that strikingly contrast with other offerings at its price.

See the New 1932 Plymouth today. Ride in it. Find out how Floating Power has made smoothness no longer a matter of cylinders. You'll see at once how and where the Plymouth dollar buys more. You'll recognize the New Plymouth is by long odds the more-for-the-dollar car.

NOW ON DISPLAY AT DESOTO, DODGE AND CHRYSLER SHOWROOMS

Ungrateful Lord Queensborough

Turns $25 Into One Fortune in This Country, Marries a Conspicuously Rich American Girl Who Leaves Him Another Fortune, and Then Locks His Second American Wife Out of His House Because, She Tells the Courts, He Considered Her "An Impediment" to His Career

The Queensborough House on Fashionable Berkeley Square, London, Out of Which Lady Queensborough Walked One Day for a Stroll With Her Three Children, and Returned, She Says, to Find All the Locks Changed So She Couldn't Get in Again.

Lord Queensborough and His Second American Wife at the Christening of Their Last Baby

LONDON, March 29.

WHEN an American woman succeeds in marrying a title she naturally wants to show her noble husband everywhere, so that society will realize that she is a Lady or Countess or whatever.

Imagine the disappointment and mortification of Miss Edith Miller, of New York, when she married Lord Queensborough only, after a few years, to have him refuse to be seen in her company. When she stepped out in Mayfair society, she says, her husband remained home and whenever she invited friends to dinner, His Lordship took the occasion to step out, or, if he remained in the house, declined to come to dinner or even meet the guests. He went so far as to forbid the use of his name and title when she sent out invitations. That, at least, is as she tells it to the courts.

There she was, a sure enough Lady, married to an honest-to-goodness Lord by whom she had three daughters, but she could not show him off to her American friends, who therefore thought something was funny about the marriage, nor could she appear with him in Mayfair, which also acted as if it thought something wrong.

The last straw came one beautiful day, she says, when Lord Queensborough pointed out that there was not a cloud nor wisp of fog in London's sky and advised that Lady Queensborough take the three children for a nice, long walk. Pleased at this interest and consideration, Lady Queensborough followed the suggestion, though, as usual, His Lordship politely declined to go with her.

When the four pedestrians returned to their big London town house, Lady Queensborough wondered why her key no longer would work the lock in the front door. She rang the bell and rapped on the door but could get no response from her husband or any of his fifteen servants.

Somewhat puzzled, she went around to the entrance for servants and tradesmen only to find that nobody answered the bell there either. What accident or crime could have knocked out the entire sixteen inhabitants of that mansion? Lady Queensborough stood gazing anxiously at the front of the house before hurrying to call the police. Just then, she asserts, the solemn countenance of her noble husband appeared at a window. In response to her frantic questions, he simply shook his head and motioned to her to go away.

While she and the children were out walking, she charges, he had gotten the lock on the door changed and told the servants not to let her in. He not only would not be seen with his Lady, but now she and the children were not to breathe the same air with him. All this she alleges in connection with her separation suit in the New York Supreme Court on the grounds of cruelty, inhuman treatment and abandonment.

So far Lord Queensborough has not seen fit to make any denial or explanation, so London is waiting eagerly to know if he really did all these things and, if so, why? What makes it seem extra cruel is the fact that his Lordship, before he became one, landed in the United States with $25, run it up into a fortune, and then married one of America's richest heiresses, Pauline Whitney, who left him another fortune when she died. Many people would call his conduct ungrateful, if it is actually as his second American wife leaves.

The knowledge of this made it dubly hard for the second wife to bear when her husband, according to her allegations, said she was "an impediment and obstacle to his political preferment," and that he wished she would go home to America. Of course, no husband can ever be sufficiently noble and superior to justify high hatting his own wife no matter if she was a "commoner" before marriage. Regardless of what they may have been before the marriage ceremony, it is supposed to make any wife at least her husband's equal. But even if it didn't, Miss Miller, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Starr Miller, of New York, and niece of Mrs. Robert Goelet, was in the same set as Miss Whitney, the first wife.

Mrs. Olive Paget-Winn-Filmer, Lord Queensborough's Daughter by His First American Wife, Who, Like Her Father, Has Already Been Twice Married, but Her Marriages Were Both Unhappy.

An Old Photograph of the First Lady Queensborough, Formerly Pauline Whitney, of New York, With Her Little Sister Dorothy.

When the exasperated Lady Queensborough told her troubles around Mayfair, she was not entirely satisfied with the sympathy she received. The listeners responded to her tale of woe with such comments as these:

"What a shame! How extraordinary! And yet, in every other way he seems to be the highest type of English gentleman. How do you suppose his first American wife was so happy with him?"

To have people point out that her husband has enjoyed an imposing public and private reputation without a single flaw, is enough to make a complaining wife have hysterics and yet such is the record. He is what might be called a "self-made" Lord. He was born plain Almeric Hugh Paget, son of the late Lord Alfred Paget, whose title was only a "courtesy one," as the fifth son of the Marquis of Anglesey.

When Almeric came of age there was neither fortune nor title for the youth, so he was given a first class one-way ticket to New York and some first class advice—to go and earn a fortune for himself or marry an heiress. Young Almeric did both. Landing in America with only $25 the young Englishman managed to get out to the Northwest in the cattle business. Why this foreign "tenderfoot" should make good among American cowboys is not clear, but he did, proving so smart that moneyed cattle men were glad to take him into partnership.

After a few years he reappeared in New York, an arrogant but romantic figure. He was a Wild West cowboy, a self-made rich man, but also the son of a Lord with all the manner and breeding of English nobility. With that combination it is small wonder that he was a social lion at New York and Newport and all the "golden girls" set their caps at him.

In 1895 he married Miss Pauline Whitney, daughter of William C. Whitney, the well-known New York multimillionaire and Secretary of the Navy. On her mother's side Miss Whitney was connected with the Standard Oil millions, and she was one of the greatest heiresses of the day in New York.

A Curious Picture of Leeds Castle and Its Restless "Spook" Queen Joanna; Restored at Great Expense by Lord Queensborough's Daughter Olive From the Whitney Millions as a Wedding Present to Her Second Husband.

The marriage was the most brilliant affair of the year and ranked with such events as the wedding of Consuelo Vanderbilt and the Duke of Marlborough and of Anna Gould and Count Boni de Castellane.

With his bride, her fortune and his own, Mr. Paget returned to England, where he steadily forged ahead in business and politics, a fact that distresses Lady Queensborough every time she remembers that he told her she was an obstacle and impediment. Comparisons are odious, and yet people would keep saying that his first wife was no impediment. Onward and upward went Mr. Paget. He entered Parliament and was for a long time president of the National Union of Conservative Associations. He held the distinguished office of High Sheriff of Suffolk in 1909. During the war he rendered important service in settling difficulties over seized neutral shipping for the British Government. This was one of the reasons for conferring a peerage on him.

The former Pauline Whitney died in 1916, and two years later when her husband received his peerage his satisfaction at this high honor was almost ruined by the fact that his beloved wife had not lived to share it with him. He let everyone know this and yet his second wife says he told her she made him sick. Lord Queensborough is said to have stated that Her Ladyship was mistaken about that particular item of cruelty. What he really said was that she had been the cause of an illness that he had suffered. The English use the word "sick" mostly in referring to nausea. No English gentleman would tell his wife that she made him sick, whether she did or not.

But Lady Queensborough considered that it was just about the same thing when he refused to eat with her, though they were under the same roof. Why should he do that unless he wished to suggest that her appearance, manners or conversation at least took his appetite away? One of her many minor grievances is that Lord Queensborough circulated unpleasant and untrue stories about his lady which practically London society against her. To all of this Mayfair replied:

"Perfectly awful, my dear, but what do you suppose made him get that way after he married you?"

The cause of all these odious comparisons was evidently that the first and perfect wife had simply spoiled her husband and all of his friends; therefore she was the logical person to be made to pay balm for the second wife's exasperations. Of course the former Miss Whitney had been dead four years before Miss Miller became her successor, but she is still supposed to pay from the grave. With the Chase National Bank and other in-

the income to be paid to Lord Queen-

New York court

properties, a

force the A

can bankers to pay

her out of Lord

Lord

white

calling her L

her cake and having it too.

Lord Queensborough had two daughters by his first marriage. He has had no sons and his title will almost certainly become extinct. One of his two grown daughters, Lady Cecilia, has had some

Hon. Charles Winn, son of Lord

Oswald, but divorced him in 1928

married life. Then she

married Arthur Wilson Filmer, member of a well-known English family. She

to give him a unique home

the wealth inherited from her

father, she purchased Leeds

and interesting old castles in

It is completely surrounded

its walls on the

were 600 years

to be haunted

history.

was occupied by the

Queen Isabella, daughter of

king of France and wife of king

Edward II, of England. She was one

of the worst

had

and

afterward

imprisoned for

Another

the castle was Queen Eleanor,

as the Witch Queen, wife of

King Henry IV, of

said to have caused the death

of Queen, King Richard II,

spook

in the old castle.

At a much later date the

occupied by poor Queen Anne

the unhappy second wife of

Henry VIII. Her ghost also is

haunt Leeds Castle.

Not content with

best haunted castles

Wilson Filmer had it fitted

latest American plumbing, great

ances, steam heat, a hot water system,

an electric light plant, and fifteen

bathrooms. Thus she and her guests

were able to enjoy all the ancient as-

sociations of the castle in complete

comfort. But all these comforts and

alterations were not sufficient to keep

her second husband at his own fireside,

and she obtained a divorce from him

last year.

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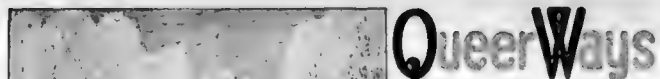
Queer Ways the Weather Affects Us

Science Discovers That Wind, Rain, Heat, Cold and the Air Influence Crime, May Determine Whether Your Wife Gets a Divorce, May Decide the Future of Your Children, Fixed the Shapes of the Negro's and the White Man's Nose and May Cause Business Success or Failure



Napoleon Owed His Downfall to the Disastrous Russian Campaign — But It Was the Weather and Not the Russian Soldiers That Beat Him. The Russians Followed Their Historic Custom of Fleeing and Leaving It to the Ice Blasts of the Russian Winter Which Annihilated 450,000 of Napoleon's Best Troops

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FEW would suspect, when the paper says "Continued fair and warmer," that that little line has anything to do with the next day's outbreak of crimes of violence, that it was one of the reasons that moved Mr. Jones to beat his wife or Mrs. Smith to shoot her husband.

Nor would many foresee that the coming of cold wave would cause the homicides to [illegible] but bring a crop of forgeries, confidence [illegible] and other crimes against property. Yet such is the case. Science has come to believe that the weather is one of the most important influences for good or evil in the world.

During the next twelve months not [illegible] everyone's health and comfort will depend on the weather but, quite unsuspected, it may determine whether any particular individual succeeds or fails at his job, whether he gets along with his wife or has a divorce, whether his son does well at college or elopes with a chorus girl, whether his daughter marries a serious-minded man or becomes a night club hostess.

Of course everyone realizes that a cold snap brings pneumonia and that excessive heat, like that of last Summer, sends people to their graves from heat prostration, but these obvious results are an insignificant part of the compelling effects on all humanity of the weather. When his mother sends Johnnie to school in September she might reasonably guess that right then in his first exuberance with the other boys would be a likely time to suffer some sort of accident. If not, then it would be in January when the ground is covered with slippery ice. But no, delightful October is the bad month, when her chances are highest of seeing him carried home to her with a broken leg or half his teeth knocked out.

Probably not one baseball fan in a million before betting on a world's series game, would think it important to consult a barometer. Yet low atmospheric pressure is quite likely to cause a crack pitcher to be knocked out of the box through no fault of his own. In the same way a high air pressure can cause an inferior pitcher to do unexpectedly well.

Sunny days are good for the baker and the shoe manufacturer, but bad for the clothing business. On rainy days quick lunch counters thrive, but high-class restaurants lose money. The Englishman is slow, conservative, inclined to cling to old-fashioned methods, while the American is famous for being quick, nervous, inventive and willing to try new methods. Americans like mild cigarettes, but these won't sell in England, where even the woman smokers insist on the harsher tobaccos known as "gaspers." Science finds that [illegible] is not due to any difference in racial temperament but to different climates.

It has been demonstrated that certain people can literally feel storms coming, feel them in their bones and their corns. Scientists even knows how a coming storm makes a corn or a rheumaticky joint ache. Certain animals which are reputed to be weather prophets are probably made uncomfortable in similar ways. The scientist no longer smiles at the man or woman who says he can smell a storm coming. Tiny certain storms herald their approach by characteristic smells is not superstition, but the truth. Even an automobile engine is something of a weather prophet by seeming to rejoice in just the sort of weather its owner dislikes.

But it is not merely a matter of the heat or cold, moisture or dryness and the barometric pressure. Most every known quality of the atmosphere has profound effects on man and animals and there seems little doubt that there are some equally powerful unknown elements.

It was Prof. Edwin G. Dexter who showed that crimes of violence come in hot weather and those against property in cold. Presumably, this is a reflection of the irritation and increasing strain of hot weather in Summer and of the financial pressure of colder weather in Winter. In the latter instance, too, the relation of the weather to mental temperament [illegible] enters. In Winter prospective practicers of fraud are mentally stimulated but not impatient, which is characteristic of most humans in cold weather. They have time and inclination to plan and carry out the well-conceived [illegible] of property.

In Summer, on the other hand, planning is difficult. People do not want to sit in stuffy rooms and work out the details of anything. Instead, they are always on the go, always excited, often irritable and angry. These are moods likely to develop assaults, violent robberies, even murders, but not to develop the more contemplative kinds of crime. Anyway, whatever the exact causes are, Professor Dexter's statistics show clearly that weather and crime ebb and flow together, even when more [illegible] influences, like air pressure, are taken into account. It is probable, indeed, that things like air pressure and air electrification affect both mind and body, since these weather factors are reflected in the daily ebb and flow of death and disease, many investigations have proved.

For many years doctors used to laugh at people who claimed that they could "feel" the approach of a storm in their muscles or joints. A year or two ago, Dr. E. B. Bentschner of Rochester, Minnesota, discovered by careful tests that these unhappy weather prophets are entirely correct. They actually can foretell storms, he proved, especially if they advance pain felt in rheumatic joints. The next step was when Dr. C. S. Smith of the University of Chicago discovered just how this is done.

A storm is usually caused by an area of low air pressure, into which the air from surrounding parts of the country begins to pour, producing the wind and other phenomena of the storm, but the low pressure comes first.

For some physiological reason, which is still mysterious, low air pressure tends to make many people retain more water than usual in the tissues of their bodies. The change is not great. No visible swelling or actual disorder, like dropsy, is caused. Nevertheless, all tissues of these persons' bodies do swell just a trifle when the air pressure is low. When it is high, on the other hand, in extra water is given off in the perspiration or other secretions.

The result is a sort of contraction. The more the air pressure on the outside is relieved, the more the inside water pressure increases. In a perfectly healthy person this is likely to pass unnoticed. But it takes only a little internal pressure on an inflamed joint, a corn, an old wound or an ulcerated tooth to call the [illegible] unpleasantly to its owner's attention and cause him to prophesy bad weather. Then he may confirm this by going into the kitchen and listening to the singing of the tea kettle. If the kettle is unusually noisy, she knows the old man is right. The kettle acts that way because at low pressure water boils faster.

Many animals experience this same holding of water in their body tissues when the air pressure is low, Dr. Smith has proved. Accordingly, these animals probably are distressed just as are the sensitive human beings a day or two before a storm is to arrive. This explains, the experts believe, the ancient popular idea that animals of many kinds are able to foretell the weather—another of the many old-fashioned ideas that modern science first ridiculed but has ended by accepting. It may be that they, too, suffer from "the misery," as Southern darkies call rheumatism.

To the same list of rejected theories later proved to be true belongs the so-called superstition that some people can smell weather before it arrives. "It smells like a storm," one of these weather smellers will say. At least eight times out of ten, tests have shown, he will be right. As usual, there is a perfectly reasonable explanation, which has been stated by Dr. W. J. Humphreys, of the United States Weather Bureau in his interesting book on weather proverbs.

When asked what they smell, these prophets usually answer that they smell the mud flats, the river bottom, the pond or the swamp, and they are right. Cases of various kinds accumulate in considerable amounts in the decaying vegetable matter at the bottoms of ponds and stagnant streams. Many of these gases have powerful smells. If the air pressure falls, bubbles of these gases come to the surface in greater numbers, merely because the opposing air pressure above the water has lessened. Accordingly the air actually does contain larger amounts of these odorous gases when the air pressure is low than at other times. Animals, which have better smell senses than man, no doubt perceive these differences still more clearly, which may be another reason why animal weather prophets are so often right.

In a different way changes of air pressure may contribute to the pleasure or disappointment of baseball fans. Baseball players of the Pacific Coast League have discovered, it is reported by Mr. J. C. Alter of the United States Weather Bureau, that they play better ball and especially that they make more home runs and longer hits when they play at Salt Lake City than they do on the diamonds of the Coast cities like San Francisco or Los Angeles. Again the reason is air pressure. Salt Lake City is nearly a mile above sea level. Accordingly a batted baseball is resisted as it flies through the air by much less air pressure, Naturally the ball goes farther for the same initial impetus. Probably there also is some stimulating effect of the drier and thinner air on the players themselves.

Undoubtedly the same thing would apply to baseball games played anywhere under different conditions of air pressure; to games of the big leagues, for example, played on days of low air pressure and on days of high pressure. No one seems to have collected statistics of home runs, long hits and so on to compare these with the air pressures prevailing at the time of the different games but it would be an interesting thing for some baseball statistician to do.

Air pressure is by no means the only weather element, however, which has important effects on the earth or on mankind. The effects of high and low humidity on human feelings are well-known and these have been traced, also, in statistics of disease and death rates, notably by Professor Huntington in statistics for New York City and by Dr. Axel Wallen in a study of the death and disease rates day by day in the city of Stockholm, Sweden. Professor Theodore Madsen, of Copenhagen, believes that the seasonal fluctuations of various diseases traced clearly in the statistics for Denmark, are caused by seasonal changes in the human body in response to air temperature and humidity and the amount of sunlight.

Their findings are quite to be expected, but Dr Hopmann, of the University of Cologne, Germany, has discovered that mental disorders, insanity and suicide are commonest in the Spring, just when anyone is expected to feel cheerful that the gloomy Winter is over. His investigations convince him that this is due to a shortage of sunlight during the cloudy months of Winter, followed by a sudden excess when the weather clears up in the Spring and everyone gets out of doors to enjoy it.

A somewhat mysterious influence of weather which is only beginning to be properly studied is that of the amount and kind of electricity in the air. Working with a patent which happened to be extremely sensitive to weather changes, like the rheumatic individuals of Dr. Rentchler and Dr. Smith, Dr. G. Schorer of Berne, Switzerland, found that this individual felt stimulated and refreshed when the electric particles in the air being breathed were chiefly those of positive electricity, but felt depressed and tired when the electrification was negative. Since back and forth changes of electrification between positive and negative are common in the air of most locations, this may be one reason for waves of human depression or exhilaration caused by different kinds of weather.

Carrying out similar experiments, another German physician, Dr. Friedrich Dessaur, of Frankfort-on-the-Main, found that negative electricity in the air lowers the blood pressure and makes the breathing slower, while positive electricity has the reverse effect. This result which agrees with the observations of Dr. Schorer on his patient's feelings. Electric changes in the air have been blamed by Dr. J. L. Burckhardt of Davos, Switzerland, for attacks of asthma. So few scientific studies have been made, however, of these electric effects that no one's very sure what bodily changes they do cause.

Another recent example of weather influences on human affairs seemingly remote from it is due to the statistical experts of the National Safety Council. Collecting figures for the number of accidents happening on school grounds during the different months of the year, these experts found that there are about 50 per cent more accidents during October than during September, allowance being made for the numbers of days of school. This difference seems, at first, difficult to explain. There are few snows or frosts in October, to cause falls or skating accidents. Strangeness of the school surround ngs after the long vacation ought to cause more accidents in September instead of fewer. The only reasonable explanation which has been suggested is one that depends on temperature.

In October, this suggestion is, the air is likely to be cool in mornings and evenings. The cold may dull a little the quick reaction of muscles of the boys and girls playing on school playgrounds. Grips of the children's fingers on gymnastic apparatus may be a little less sure. One of the men called human flies who make their livings by climbing up the face of buildings clinging to projections of the stones or bricks, fell to his death in New York City a few years ago because he attempted the climb on a cold day and suffered a cramp of his half-frozen fingers at a critical moment. Perhaps a lesser degree of something of the same kind explains the larger number of playground accidents during chilly October than in warmer September; a weather effect that no one would be likely to imagine had not the statistics of the safety authorities disclosed the fact.

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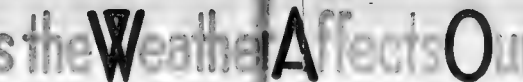
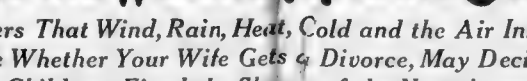


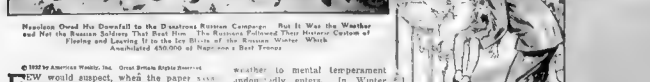
Strangely Enough, It Turns Out That the Month of October Is the Bad Month When a Mother's Chances Are Highest of Seeing Her Child Brought Home to Her With a Broken Leg or Half His Teeth Knocked Out



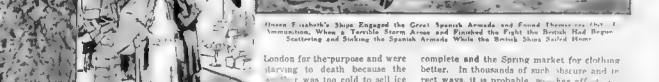
The Terrible Hens Swarmed Out of Asia in 450 A. D. Laid Waste the Roman Empire, and Were on Their Way Back to Sack Rome Itself. But for Many Weeks It Had Been Raining Steadily and the Air Was Full of Mosquitoes, and the Hens Turned Away from Rome to Escape the Pests.

Queen Elizabeth's Ships Engaged the Great Spanish Armada and Found Themselves Out of Ammunition. When a Terrible Storm Arose and Finished the Fight the British Had Begun Scattering and Sinking the Spanish Armada While the British Ships Sailed Home

Robert De Better Business on a Sunshiny Day Because Millions Are Out and About Instead of Staying at Home to Make Cakes and Bake Bread. And in Good Weather Children Spend All Day Out of Doors, Get Hungry and Bring Home More Insatiable Appetites



A Rainy Day Is Not Usually a Good One for the Shoe Business, and the Reason Is That on Rainy Weather Most People Wear Rubbers. The Sewing the Wear and Tear on the Soles of Their Shoes



On Rainy Days City Lunch Rooms Thrive and the More Expensive Restaurants Do Less Business, Because They Are Chiefly Patronized by Lunch Parties Rather Than by Persons Eating Alone, and Lunch Parties Are Likely to Be Postponed.

The Negroid Race. The Mongolian or Yellow Race. The White or Caucasian Race

Weather Is One of the Main Factors in Making One Race Different From Another. The Wide Open Nose of the Negro Lets In Air Cooled to the Need of Quickly Getting the Hot, Tropical Air Out of the Lungs. The Thin, Narrow Nose of the White Races, on the Other Hand, Is Believed to Be Due to Living in a Cold Country, Where It Is Desirable That the Air to Be Breathed Shall Be Warmed as Much as Possible on the Way to the Lungs, and Where the Throat Needs Protection From the Cold Air.

London for the purpose and were starving to death because the weather was too cold to sell ice. A few months later the [illegible] of one of the organizations supplying London with charged seltzer water in syphon bottles had to report to his stockholders that the company would be compelled to dip into reserves and to pass dividends. The cold weather had interfered with the usual seasonal demand for seltzer water.

Weather is one of the main factors in making one race different from another. The Scandinavian races are patronized chiefly in rather than by persons eat[illegible] weather such parties are not postponed. More business is done at lunch of a sandwich and coffee in a lunch is quicker and more convenient than taking trouble to go to a restaurant.

Some restaurant proprietors [illegible] watch the weather forecasts each da[illegible] into account other matters such as public [illegible] parades and so on, and to formulate in advance a mathematical equation for the number of patrons who probably will come to [illegible] for other meals. The [illegible] made it is found, with astonishing weather and the day of the week [illegible] the largest influences in the [illegible]

Businesses depending in any [illegible] supply form another group for [illegible] mount importance of weather is to [illegible] to be appreciated. A few years ago the levels of the Great Lakes of North America were falling slowly, presumably as a result of the eleven-year cycle of rainfall and [illegible] which corresponds roughly to [illegible] spots. Then a slow fall of the [illegible] a matter of extreme [illegible] engineers [illegible] lakes. The unfortunate [illegible] ed [illegible] sort of thing that was [illegible] all the worst [illegible] Mr. Michigan. Blaming with shame he city was forced to re[illegible] use its sewage disposal system. Then the cycle of weather shifted, the lake levels began to rise, something which weather experts might have predicted, thus saving engineers a lot of worry [illegible] day a heavy sense of s[illegible]

In England at the present time engineers are still more [illegible] concerned over the [illegible] the water level [illegible] chalk rock and [illegible] north and east [illegible] much of [illegible] eastern England. Every [illegible] water table is lower, [illegible] on dry, clear days [illegible] the ground have to be pumped from greater and greater depth. A part of the lowering of the water in the soil is due to increasing use by an increasing population, and by the larger numbers of industrial establishments, but the chief factor is that England is growing gradually drier as the result of one of the long, slow swings of weather, which seems to be characteristic of the present age of earth history. If the increasing dryness continues British industries and municipalities will suffer severely. It is possible, however, that the cycle will turn again, as did the rainfall cycle that was lowering the Great Lakes, so that the English subsoil again will be well saturated with useful water.

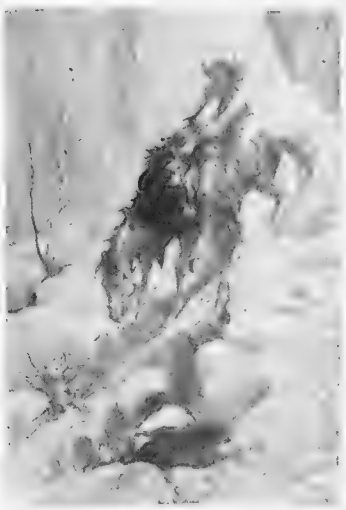
Another influence of weather on engineering is of interest to every motorist. Automobiles run much better on some days than others, regardless of the condition of the car. The secret lies in two elements of the weather, air pressure and humidity, as every experienced gas engine expert knows.

The effect of air pressure is seen best if one tries to drive an automobile in its ordinary ad-

Continued on Page 2

The Dude Ranch Mystery

By Mark Plum



Charlie Turned His Horse and Walked Him Slowly Down the Steep, Rough Trail.

(Continued from Front Page)

[illegible]ame? Where'll I find her? Got a message for her?"

The broken man's eyes were [illegible]unning.

"I'll He——" he gasped, and a tiny bit of red dribbled out of the side of his mouth and added its mite to the broader stream that stained the rocks beneath him. "Tell He—len——"

"Sure. Take your time," said Charlie soothingly. "I'll tell her anything you like. What is it? Take it easy, old fellow. What do you want her to know?"

"You go to hell," said the dying man with sudden and startling clarity. His head moved restlessly. His eyes were glazing.

"Just as you say," returned Charlie. He scratched his head and regarded the man dubiously. "Not exactly friendly, are you? Say, wouldn't you like me to lift you over to where it's a bit more level? Sort of a rough bed for you, these stones."

Far up the trail came the sound of a horse's hoofs tapping and sliding on the hard soil and rock of the trail. A deep baritone voice reached them, caroling carelessly, "Oh, bury me not on the lone prairee." Charlie frowned and looked down at the crumpled form beside him. "It's the spot a little too neatly, eh, old man?" he remarked. "Let's see this change h[illegible]turn."

He stepped into the center of the [illegible]ath.

"H[illegible] You up there! Hurry [illegible] and [illegible]! [illegible]-trouble."

The [illegible]oothan stopped, and [illegible]ent [illegible]rapidly. A [illegible]ood [illegible]ame appeared around the [illegible]head, rotten by a lean brown man with a hat was pulled low over his forehead and whose hand rested lightly upon his [illegible]. The hand fell away as the rider recognized the man on the path.

"Hello, Charlie. What's [illegible]g?"

Charlie nodded toward the recumbent man. "Just found this fellow. Fell off the trail up there apparently. Smashed to bits, poor fellow."

The newcomer swung his leg over the saddle and came forward. He dropped to his knees in the dirt and studied the dying man. His back was to Charlie. His face was smooth, expressionless. His blue eyes told nothing of his thoughts.

"Hard luck," he said at last, and touched the man gently with his hand. "Must have been some drop. Dead, of course."

"Why, no, he isn't." Charlie knelt quickly and thrust a hand under the injured man's coat. "He was telling me to go to hell just a minute ago. Tar and gravy! You're right. He is out[illegible]. The eyelid fluttered weakly. "No, he's not. Got a flask, Pete? Here, you other [illegible]ook his head. "Say, beat it [illegible]s and get help, will you? [illegible]and some more. If [illegible]e of us we might get him to the Bar W[illegible]. We'd make him too badly [illegible], just now, and me [illegible]. I feel [illegible]. A pair of [illegible]ould [illegible]n can't [illegible]ker to Pete and [illegible]. I [illegible]. Impossible, he heard [illegible]ength in refusal of the [illegible]. Then again he lay [illegible].

The two horsemen waited, oddly embarrassed as though the approaching Death were a stranger without proper credentials. The breeze sighed through the pine trees. The two horses, cropping weeds idly behind them, nuzzled noses and one whinnied softly. From the man on the rocks came a little gasping cough, a series o[illegible]. [illegible]. [illegible]. [

A daily dozen to make eyes dangerous

Julia Foster★ finds a good excuse for you girls to roll your eyes

ROLL THOSE EYES—TILL THEY BEHAVE...

Here's relief for tired eyes—as Betty Gibbons, of the Pierrepont Hotel Beauty Shop, in Brooklyn, gave it to me. Roll them from left to right, then back again—ten times—holding the head rigid, being sure to move the eyes only. Another eye exercise: Look down to the tip of your nose. Repeat till eyes no longer feel strained. (That eye-rolling keeps your flirtatious spirit in good working order, too!)

INTRODUCING THE PIRATE BERET...

This dashing polka dotted bandanna is worn not only on Palm Beach sands but at home with lounging pajamas. When your hair isn't dressed and you want to look your hostess-y best in a hurry, tie on a bandanna that matches your lounging costume—and there you are!

TOO TIRED? NONSENSE! TRY THIS BEAUTY-BATH

When you're tempted to cancel an engagement . . when you think you're simply too tired . . . do this, instead. Shave a cake of Palmolive and heat it in about 4 cups of water till it melts. Pour this rich liquid into half a tubful of lukewarm water, step in and simply relax. Then with the rich lather from another cake of Palmolive, massage your whole body. Don't miss a pore. See how marvelously refreshed *you* feel. How smooth and lovely your *skin* feels.

* * *

★Julia Foster is employed by Palmolive to report last-minute beauty news. She visits hundreds of beauty salons, from month to month. She talks with experts. She attends beauty conventions, visits smart restaurants, clubs, theatres. She reports the very latest beauty hints to you in these news flashes.

Eyes right! See this Vial? All this OLIVE OIL —rare beauty ingredient—goes into every cake of Palmolive Soap

JUST look at this test tube—you women who value complexion beauty. You who know full well the priceless cosmetic effect of olive oil. Here the camera shows you the exact amount of olive oil that goes into every cake of Palmolive. This is why women consider Palmolive as more than a soap—a priceless beauty treatment. Blended with this olive oil are oils from palm trees—just enough to give a thick, rich, workable lather. No other fats whatsoever!

Every cake marked

Do other soaps offer this? Do other soaps stamp, right on the cake, in plain letters, the reassuring words "made of olive and palm oils"? Palmolive does! Its very color is the natural green of olive and palm oils—nothing else. No artificial coloring!

Too often soaps have a heavy scent that quarrels with the odor of your favorite perfume. But Palmolive is pure! Sweet! Naturally fragrant! Wonderfully refreshing for the bath as well as for the face!

Advised by beauty experts

All this explains why 20,000 beauty experts have recommended Palmolive Soap as the ideal way to keep complexions lovely. Do, please, use Palmolive if you are seriously interested in keeping your skin young, fresh, radiant!

ACTUAL SIZE
This 6-in. test tube shows the exact amount of olive oil that goes into each cake of Palmolive.
This is to certify that this tube contains the exact amount of olive oil that goes into every 10¢ cake of Palmolive Soap.
PALMOLIVE
RAY N. BERLIN
NOTARY PUBLIC
COOK COUNTY, ILLINOIS

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

This Way To Happiness

By Maysie Greig

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

JOE DAN, a pretty in[illegible] ... [illegible] ... [illegible] ... [

Breakfast eggs have to be Fresh

. . . so does Coffee

Here is Coffee delivered like the "Fresh Food" *that coffee really is . . .*

EGGS . . . butter . . . milk . . . all perishable foods! You know they must be *fresh* to be good! But do you know that coffee is a fresh food, too . . . *perishable,* like these other fresh foods?

All coffee contains a delicate oil . . . about a half-cup to a pound. It is this oil which makes coffee perishable, for comparatively soon after roasting, it begins to turn rancid, just as butter does. It becomes seriously toxic, often causing nervousness, indigestion, sleeplessness.

When the coffee is fresh, this oil is as wholesome as fresh butter, and carries the delicious flavor and aroma that make coffee such a marvelous drink.

And so Chase & Sanborn's is delivered like other fresh foods . . . rushed fresh from the roasting ovens to your grocer by the same swift trucks that deliver Fleischmann's Yeast.

Every can is stamped with the date of delivery. And no can is permitted to remain on any grocer's shelf longer than ten days. The *date* is your guarantee of freshness.

You can't buy a stale can of this *dated* coffee. Chase & Sanborn's has been famous among coffee lovers for 66 years, because of its rich and delicious flavor . . . Now it comes to you doubly good . . . its fine flavor protected by an absolute guarantee of freshness.

Buy a can of this delicious *dated* coffee today. Once you have enjoyed its truly superb flavor, no other coffee will satisfy you.

Copyright, 1933, by Standard Brands Inc.

TO GUARANTEE FRESHNESS, EVERY CAN OF CHASE & SANBORN'S COFFEE IS DATED THE DAY YOUR GROCER RECEIVES IT

This Way To Happiness By M[illegible] G[illegible]

(Continued from Page 18)

[illegible] ... "Yes. ... [illegible] ... night.

[illegible] ... Coming [illegible] Just a moment."

The moment was [illegible] in [illegible] her books with [illegible] powd[illegible] her hands flat to her head to smooth down her hair.

[illegible] had [illegible] on [illegible] bed. His brown eyes w[illegible] as they [illegible]

"I [illegible] you [illegible] dear I w[illegible]. Did you have a good time?"

"Not [illegible]" [illegible] Janice.

He [illegible] to come and sit on the edge of her bed. When [illegible] his [illegible] strong hands gr[illegible] both of them. He stared at her for so long, Janice felt [illegible] color [illegible]

"You [illegible] so pretty tonight," his voice was very low. "Yet you're different, somehow. My child Jan[illegible] seems to have gone. Where has she gone?"

Janice smiled at him, twistedly. "Perhaps the child you're talking of was never there."

"But she was. I knew her so well. Now she's gone. Why?" He paused. "Did Noel bring you home, or the other chap?"

"Kent . . . but I met Noel below."

"Yes, I thought I heard you both talking just now in the hall. Noel's a fine chap, isn't he?"

Janice nodded. Something in her throat moved convulsively. She stared down at his brown hands gripping her wrists.

"I want you to like Noel. Do you like him, Janice?"

"Yes," her voice was a ghost of a voice.

Janice Appeared to Be Thinking, but Presently She Said, Lowly but Clearly, to Someone Who Wasn't There, "Don't you understand now? We've got to protect Lance."

"That's [illegible]" H[illegible] back with a [illegible] him, Janice. He's [illegible] But [illegible] humorous[illegible] his brown eyes twinkled [illegible] too much. You know what I mean."

"Jan[illegible]"

She looked up at him with wide startled eyes. "D[illegible] know anything [illegible] anything?"

H[illegible] toward [illegible] her check [illegible] What an old fool [illegible] jealous of [illegible] who was [illegible]

Jan[illegible] too quickly. "No [illegible] of me." In a qu[illegible] it. [illegible] allowed [illegible] away [illegible]

[illegible] Well, [illegible] Anyhow, I tru[illegible]

Jan[illegible] impl[illegible] "I don't trust [illegible] too far, [illegible] Please don't [illegible] too far."

He frowned. "What is all this about?" He raised her chin with his hand and looked into her eyes. "Why, I believe she's been crying recently! Did you quarrel with Noel?"

"Yes. We quarreled . . . in a way."

"And she's such a tender heart she cried about it! Does Noel know?"

She shook her head quickly. "No, he doesn't." S[illegible] went on [illegible] "W[illegible] you know. We always have [illegible] Sometimes we [illegible] things we don't mean in the [illegible]"

"[illegible]," said [illegible] He [illegible] over her head out into the night. The night that was dark and silent, and knew so many things.

"You're tired," he said presently, and his voice was as gentle as [illegible] "Run along to bed now. I shouldn't have kept you up talking. Good night, darling."

[illegible]

She kissed him warmly, affectionately. But, once back in her room, she [illegible] to [illegible] She [illegible] and [illegible] out onto the balcony. [illegible] like a [illegible] statue. S[illegible] to [illegible] thinking, but presently she said, lowly, but clearly, to someone who wasn't there: "Don't you understand now? We've got to protect Lance between us. Lance can't be hurt. . . . Sometimes I think he's worth both of us put together."

CHAPTER XX.

Wanda Takes a Hand.

MISS WANDA MAITLAND was writing a letter. Considering the way she was frowning it seemed to be causing her a goodly amount of mental effort. Every now and then she paused, stared out of the window. Occasionally [illegible] her lower [illegible] thoughtfully, while her pen [illegible] on the blotting pad. [illegible] her elbow lay the light lavender envelope already addressed. The address read: "Mrs. Charles Devorn, Priory Manor, near [illegible] Bay, Kent."

The bright Riviera sunlight flooded in upon Wanda, and past her into the sitting room. It had the touch of Midas, turning everything to gold. It touched her blond hair, making it corn yellow; it touched the cream roses making their petals thin whorls of beaten gold.

Wanda had already covered a page in her large, rather sprawling writing. She said how delightful the weather was, how bright the sunshine, how excellent the [illegible] She'd also said she'd won a hundred francs on the tables at the Casino, which she hadn't. But it makes you feel better to say you've won, even when you've lost.

She turned the page, smoothed the paper flat with her hand. Then, for some time she sat, the end of the pen resting upon her lower lip, deep in thought. But at last, she resumed: "You've no idea how surprised we were to find your brother and his wife, though, as yet, we haven't had the pleasure of meeting him, in the [illegible] hotel. The poor man is so shockingly ill, you know. It [illegible] to be ill here, of all places on earth. I hear he doesn't seem to be getting much better either. But who would get well in a great noisy hotel like [illegible] I feel [illegible] your [illegible] Mrs. Devorn, he [illegible] immediately. H[illegible] American wife is de[illegible] but rather flighty and scatter-brained, I'm afraid, to face a situation like th[illegible] Of course, she's so young it's only natural [illegible] want to gad about and have a good time, but I do think it must worry your brother a little to feel she's out every night with heaven knows whom. Such a nice man, a friend of your brother and an American, by the way, Mr. Henderson, is doing his best for them. But I do feel that down here your brother's hope of recovery is rather slender. Now I hope I haven't worried you, dear Mrs. Devorn. Only the memory of our very close friendship allows me to write like this. My dear mother joins me in sending our best wishes.

"Always sincerely,

"WANDA MAITLAND."

Wanda laid down her pen, read it through, frowned over one or two sentences, but finally [illegible] What a little [illegible] she folded it and put it in the envelope. She hoped it would have the effect she meant it to have.

A waiter came up to her and said in perfect English, "Mr. Wilburn [illegible] calling upon you, Miss Maitland."

"Oh, yes," said Wanda. "Serve tea for two in here. And you might," she added, as the man was about to turn away, "have this letter posted at once, please."

Wanda felt pleased with herself as she waited for Kent. A virtuous glow. Wasn't she doing her best to save that nice Mr. Henderson? If only her little stratagem might succeed! And surely it must? She knew Mrs. Devorn too well to imagine she would do nothing about it. Mrs. Devorn did something about everything it was possible to do anything about! And what more natural than that, as head of the family, she should send for Mr. Sanders to be nursed back to health in her home? When he went the wife would have to go with him. Which would leave her, Wanda, in undisputed possession of the handsome Mr. Henderson.

Kent came toward her, smiling.

"Well, I'm here. I hope you meant that invitation to tea! Or was it an early morning indiscretion? Night clubs are dangerous places in more ways than one. The later it gets, the freer you are with invitations, I find!"

Wanda laughed. "I meant this one, anyhow, Mr. Wilburn. I've often wanted to meet you. I've seen your photo in the papers and read about your exploits. I think car-racing must be too fascinating."

"'The girl hath intelligence,' quoth he," smiled Kent. "I hope I'm not a disappointment."

"That is a secret a girl can never divulge until the final chapter," Wanda laughed back at him. She added, her eyes twinkling, "Are you fond of novels, Mr. Wilburn?"

"Novelettes," Kent murmured, grinning wryly, "for my taste novels last too long. I'm rather impatient to get to that final chapter, you see."

"But if one gets there too soon, what is there in life?"

"One begins another. Beginnings are so exciting, don't you think?" Now his blue eyes laughed openly down into hers. He was still holding one of her hands. He gave it a quick, tight squeeze and dropped it.

The waiter brought tea. Wanda sat down on the couch beside the tea tray and intimated that Kent might sit beside her. Kent didn't need a second invitation. As a matter of fact he had been planning to sit there, anyhow.

"We won't disturb mother," murmured Wanda, "she's lying down."

"Don't let's disturb her by any means," Kent agreed fervently. "Mothers, I'm afraid, are not my strong suit just at present!"

"Are they ever?" Wanda asked with mocking lips.

Kent sighed. "Mothers, I find, prefer me as a cavalier for themselves rather than for their daughters. The trouble is, I prefer it the other way round."

Wanda smiled as she handed him his cup of tea. "Perhaps that's why I induced mother to take a little rest this afternoon!"

"The girl hath sense, quoth he," laughed Kent.

Wanda was fairly clever with men. She judged the type and acted accordingly. With Noel last night she had been playing

(Continued on Page 28)

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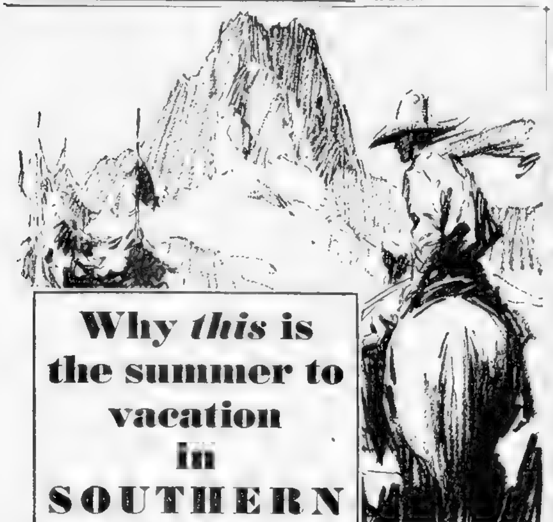

Why *this* is the summer to vacation in SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

THIS summer the eyes of the world will be on Southern California, scene of the 1932 Olympic Games. W[illegible] a vaca[illegible] tion for those who can be here, in the midst of it all!

Everything the Southland always offers, the [illegible] this mammoth international sports spectacle and the holiday [illegible] will impart to the entire region [illegible] the year of all years to take that Southern California vacation you've promised yourself some day. And you can do it so easily.

I[illegible] weeks [illegible] you [illegible] 11 days [illegible] train [illegible] new low [illegible] [illegible] from most U. S. points. And costs while here need not exceed those of an ordinary vacation.

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come this summer

Cool, rainless summer playground

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The book outlines, day by day, a summer (also a winter) visit to Southern California, including over 100 interesting gravure photographs, maps, information about routes, *itemized daily cost figures*, etc., . . . perhaps the most complete vacation book ever published. With it, if you wish, we will send, also free, another book giving Olympic Games details and schedules, with ticket application blanks. Send the coupon today. Start planning now!

(If you wish *another* beautiful book, "Southern California through the Camera," include 10 cents in stamps.)

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when he cleans your teeth

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Dr. LYON'S TOOTH POWDER

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Takes Old Color Out

Puts New Color In

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY MENU will help solve the what-to-serve problem. Consult it regularly—on next to the last page.

"I'm an old cook, but you've

Taught Me New Tricks!"

THAT'S what women, the country over, are saying—to a little blue recipe book! Thousands and thousands of these "Menu Magic" books are already at work in as many kitchens. And that means Uneeda Bakers crackers and cookies are saving time, work and money for thousands and thousands of women.

These famous treats, good to eat by themselves, have put new thrills in all sorts of dishes: *smart* dishes that fly together in a few quick minutes. Puddings, pies and patties. Muffins and meat courses. Oh, just everything, it seems, can now be made quicker, better, and cheaper when you start with Uneeda Bakers crackers and cookies.

You'll see special displays of Uneeda Bakers leaders for April at your grocer's. And a copy of "Menu Magic" is yours for the asking. Don't try to borrow this book from a neighbor. Get a copy that's *all yours.* Use the coupon now!

Be smart.. Buy the UNEEDA BAKERS LEADERS *for April*

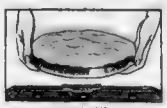
Make Perfect Pie Crust in 3 Minutes

CRUMBLE

1. All you need to make this perfect pie crust are: 20 Uneeda Graham Crackers, ½ cup of butter and 2 tablespoons of sugar. No rolling pin. No pastry board. Just crumble the crackers in a mixing bowl and you're off to a quick start.

MIX

2. Now mix together with the softened butter and sugar. Use a spoon or your fingers. Takes only a minute for this second step. Just be sure to blend the sugar and butter thoroughly with the crumbled crackers. Simple enough, isn't it?



BAKE

3. Butter your pie pan. With your fingers line the pan with two-thirds of your Graham Cracker mixture Press firmly in an even layer. Put in your filling, top with remainder of mixture, and your quick, delicious pie is ready for the oven.

This smart dinner menu
SAVES MONEY

CORN SOUP
PREMIUM SODA CRACKERS
BROILED HAM
CREAMED POTATOES
BROILED TOMATOES
ROMAINE, FRENCH DRESSING
*BANANA SUZETTES
COFFEE

A brand-new lunch from
LEFTOVERS

TOMATO JUICE COCKTAIL
SLIM JIM BUTTER PRETZELS
*HOLLAND KITCHEN PATTIES
BUTTERED PEAS
APPLE AND CELERY SALAD
UNEEDA BAKERS CHEESE WAFERS
JELLY
TEA

*BANANA SUZETTES

20 Uneeda Graham Crackers, (large)
½ tsp. salt
1½ cups scalded milk
2 eggs, well beaten
2 tbsps. butter, melted
4 tsps. baking powder
3 bananas
½ glass currant jelly
Confectioner's sugar

Crumble crackers fine and mix with salt. Add scalded milk and let cool. Add beaten eggs, melted butter, mix and stir in baking powder Bake on a hot griddle. Peel and cut bananas lengthwise and crosswise. Spread each griddle cake with jelly and roll around a section of banana. Sprinkle with sugar and serve at once. 6 portions. Preparation, 9 minutes.

*HOLLAND KITCHEN PATTIES

1½ cups medium white sauce
1 tsp minced onion
1½ cups chopped cooked meat
6 Holland Rusk
Salt and pepper
1 tsp. lemon juice
Parsley

Into hot white sauce stir onion and meat Simmer 5 minutes. Meanwhile heat Holland Rusk in hot oven (425° F.) Season meat mixture with salt and pepper and add lemon juice. Serve over heated Holland Rusk garnished with parsley. 6 portions. Preparation, 8 minutes.

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AMAZING NEW BEAUTY OVERNIGHT
TAKES PLACE of ELABORATE METHODS

The Golden Snail

By Herbert Jenson

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

"R[illegible] LARY, adventurer and student of Central American antiquities, is [illegible] Mexico City with Manta, the beautiful daughter of Don Rafael Delgado, a wealthy hacienda owner. Delgado, who is also a student of ancient civilizations, has discovered the location of the fabled lost city of Manta, the ancient capital of the Mayan empire, and has engaged Mallory to lead an expedition to the ruins. Manta, who has been educated in the United States, is to accompany her father. Mallory, who has fallen in love with Manta, is disturbed by the presence of Ramon Morida, a wealthy young Mexican, who is also in love with Manta and who has been invited to join the party. Mallory and Manta ride out to the ruins of Manta, where Mallory tells her of his love for her. Manta tells him that she loves him, but that she is betrothed to Morida. Mallory, heartbroken, returns to the camp. Delgado, who has been drinking heavily, tells Mallory that Manta is not his daughter, but the child of a Spanish nobleman and a Mayan princess. Delgado tells Mallory that Manta is the direct descendant of the Mayan princess and that she is the only person who can find the golden snail, which is the key to the location of the lost city of Manta. Delgado tells Mallory that Manta is to be married to Morida in order that the secret of the golden snail may be preserved. Mallory, realizing that Manta is lost to him, leaves the camp and rides back to Mexico City. Delgado, who has been drinking heavily, tells Mallory that Manta is not his daughter, but the child of a Spanish nobleman and a Mayan princess. Delgado tells Mallory that Manta is the direct descendant of the Mayan princess and that she is the only person who can find the golden snail, which is the key to the location of the lost city of Manta. Delgado tells Mallory that Manta is to be married to Morida in order that the secret of the golden snail may be preserved. Mallory, realizing that Manta is lost to him, leaves the camp and rides back to Mexico City.

CHAPTER IX.

Conclusion.

Dust of Centuries Overlay the Heat but Was Unable to Hide That Rich Gleam of Native Gold Glint From Thousands of Angles Under the Swinging Ism of Dolores' Light

WHATEVER the [illegible] may [illegible] in protest or in modification of the thought, there is something in violent physical action that stimulates the craving for more. Seemingly, with Manta at my feet and the girl and me in charge of the situation, you'd think that there was nothing else to do but to get the bride and [illegible] to the [illegible]. After which we could hunt up the launch, bring Manta into Merida, and call it a job done. But I did nothing of the sort.

I bent over the man. Although his eyes were closed, I could detect no hopeful thing. He was nearly dead, of that I was sure. I'd fought with him on his own terms and the [illegible] I'd thrown hadn't been a light one. It was curious that he hadn't used his gun; doubtless he had felt that he could beat me down and [illegible] back. [illegible] in protest or in modification of the thought, there is something in violent physical action that stimulates the craving for more. Seemingly, with Manta at my feet and the girl and me in charge of the situation, you'd think that there was nothing else to do but to get the bride and [illegible] to the [illegible]. After which we could hunt up the launch, bring Manta into Merida, and call it a job done. But I did nothing of the sort.

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[illegible] drawn in that [illegible] attack. It looked like [illegible] you [illegible] I'm the [illegible] to keep the [illegible].

From [illegible] I took the [illegible] I did. I did it not with [illegible], but with [illegible] I thought that might [illegible] bit of metal was the [illegible] of the treasure Manta [illegible] I heard to find. I had told Manta that I didn't believe in [illegible] good story. At the [illegible] perhaps I didn't, or maybe it was [illegible] instead of [illegible] I didn't believe myself. [illegible] I'm asking [illegible] I'm [illegible] I thought [illegible] and the fact that [illegible] the hollow [illegible] and upon the Maya [illegible] square [illegible] instead of [illegible].

I looked up with a [illegible] that Dolores [illegible].

We [illegible] the [illegible] house that had [illegible] bathed [illegible] were under [illegible] I headed Dolores [illegible] golden object. I pointed [illegible] to the inside, then to the [illegible] house, and moved my arm in a wide [illegible] gesture.

She caught the point immediately.

"You mean," she said breathlessly, "that we are standing on what once was a huge calendar stone? That the little stone house should be in the center of it, just like the little golden lump is in this?" The little Caracol gleamed within her palm.

I nodded. The treasure fever had caught me. I picked up the crowbar the big red-head had used and started toward the house we now believed was the treasure place. Logical? Of course not. Perhaps we should have returned to the hacienda and gone over the glyphs and Manta's notes, working from the idea that the solution involved the complete circle of shadow and not just Manta's theory of the intersected arc, but one doesn't do those things.

My heart was pounding rapidly. I could no more have left that spot without examining the house that was the hub of the great circle than I could have refused to drink when I was so thirsty that afternoon.

I paused a moment to examine the gasoline lantern. The fuel-ment was gone, and the lamp useless. I took the revolver from the girl and walked ahead of her into the square entrance. Sometimes snakes nest in these old places. Standing within the place and in the center of the rubble littered floor were four upright oblong slabs topped by another and smaller one. They leaned together, the centuries had ruined their original contour.

It was curious that there was no doubt in my mind as to how to proceed. While Dolores held the flashlight, I put the claw of the crowbar within a crack and levered one block a way from the others. It crashed to the floor. I peered within the opening and swung the flash about. A flight of steps led downward! They spiraled to the left. It was as if I were looking into a greatly enlarged interior of the golden model of El Caracol!

We did not hesitate. I flung the crowbar ahead to frighten any animal that might be lurking in the darkness. I heard the clatter of its descent—the smash as it hit bottom. Dolores followed me upon the winding steps that dropped steeply downward, I, held the pistol before me on account of possible snakes; the girl lighted the way with her flash. The place was foul with bat guano. I was rather glad of this, it proved that there were openings to the outside and relieved me of the fear of suffocation. There was a great deal of rubble on the stairs. Evidently this underground Caracol had been sealed off from above centuries ago, and the stone had fallen inward. Once we had almost to creep, because of tree roots that interlaced the way.

As we reached the bottom I heard Dolores cry out behind me. I'd been cautiously examining each step and had no eyes for anything else. Now I looked up.

Almost everyone during their lives have dreamed of buried treasure—usually Spanish chests of bullion and jewels, with doubloons carelessly tossed within to fill up the odd corners. But this array on the floor of the subterranean Caracol exceeded anything I'd been able to imagine. Dust of centuries overlay the heaps, but was unable to hide that rich gleam of native gold glinting from thousands of angles under the swinging beam of Dolores' light.

I think we forgot that such a thing as time existed. I know we acted like two small children let loose in a toy shop. The girl set the flashlight upon a bit of carved stone which stood out from the wall. The piles seemed to be placed in somewhat orderly fashion—at least they were separate as if to distinguish them. Among the smaller objects were

GRAY HAIR

Safely, easily color comes to conceal the gray

You comb this water-white liquid through the hair. The gray disappears into blonde, auburn, brown or black as desired. And it does it so cleverly that there is no sudden change. Leaves your hair soft and lustrous. You can wave or curl it—wash it without fear of fading. Just ask your druggist for Mary T Goldman's—and keep your young looking hair as long as you wish.

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DO YOU KNOW that The American Weekly prints more Scriptural stories in a year than all the other non-sectarian magazines combined?

(Continued on Page 23)

This recent picture shows how ravishingly youthful she is! "A young-looking skin is essential," she says. "I use Lux Toilet Soap!"

You, too, can look younger than you are

Here's the screen stars' secret of complexion youth

"I'M OVER 30," says Betty Compson, popular screen star, "and I don't mind admitting it in the least. No woman need fear added years—if she knows how to take care of her appearance!

"Actresses of the stage and screen *must* keep their youthful charm, and they know a young-looking skin is absolutely necessary. For years I have used Lux Toilet Soap, and find it certainly does wonders for the complexion."

The secret Betty Compson tells is shared by countless other lovely actresses.

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, 686 use fragrant white Lux Toilet Soap *regularly*.

Surely *you* will want to try it!

LUX Toilet Soap—10¢

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The Golden Snail

By Herbert Jenson

(Continued from Page 22)

As if in answer I heard some one chuckle from the other side of the stone. My throat troubled me; I could barely repeat Dolores' question, "What is it?"

A voice, a hideous voice, hoarse with triumphant excitement called out.

"Ho there, Geary! How's the gallant red head? Come here you swine, I want to talk to you!"

It was the voice of Manta Thorpe. It was unbelievable but it was his voice. I felt a little sick. Sick at the trick that fate had played on me. No. Sick of my own negligence, sick with the scruples that had caused me to bind his wounded arm when he was unconscious rather than to have reloaded the shotgun and blown Manta's heart through his ribs.

"Stick your head up here, I want to talk to you!"

There was nothing else to do. Perhaps some forlorn hope that I might plead with Manta could I but face him—to exact some pledge of safety for the girl, gave me the strength to crawl to the top step. I hooked my elbow over the edge of the stone. His bulky silhouette swayed in the opening of the little room.

"Manta—" I began.

His arm lifted. I saw the stab of flame—felt the blow at the top of my shoulder as his bullet hit me. He fired again. Shreds of stone and lead bit into my face. His third bullet was like a hot iron across my jaw.

Somehow my hand and arm were through the opening holding the revolver. In my ears was a great roaring sound. I did not hear the booming of my own gun. The recoil jerked my arm. I smelled the burnt powder. Manta staggered back from the doorway. It seemed incredible that he did not throw himself behind the angle of the entrance. I had barely the strength to hold my arm outstretched. I squeezed the trigger methodically. It was a great effort to do so. A haze blanketed my eyesight. Manta's figure swirled like a column of dust in a windstorm. I remember my gun dropping from my relaxed hand. After that it seemed that I dreamed of dreadful things, and then of nothing . . .

My eyes were fixed upon a ship—a Spanish galleon it was—that sailed on absurd painted waves that ended on orange cloth an inch or two from the bows. I heard a bird's song somewhere out of view. There was the strong scent of some flower in the air. The spot I rested my head against felt pleasantly soft. I could lift one hand, but not the other. My gaze left the Spanish ship and focused upon my hand.

The face of the boy Manuel no, it was Dolores, the girl—was near my own. She smiled, and it was a very nice smile, so considerate. The eyes seemed a little misty.

Whereupon I remembered. I struggled to sit erect and made a bad job of it. The girl told me to be careful, but I felt quite strong. I really did feel strong, but speech wasn't easy.

"Sh-h-h," cautioned the girl. "Manta . . . is dead."

"How did . . . you——"

She told me then of the sequel to the scrap in the treasure house. Actually it took days in the telling. I was very weak and had lost a good deal of blood. Lying here in the long wicker chair, shaded by the orange umbrella of the Spanish ships, those days in the patio of the Delgado hacienda were very pleasant.

Manta Thorpe was dead. My bullets had done that job thoroughly and completely. I'd fallen back to the stairs, and Dolores had done her best to tie up my wounds. She confessed that there in the darkness she had thought me dead, and the horror of it—"Augrrr!" my waist, not here—had almost unnerved her.

"I was so helpless," she said "I screamed for help. But the dread of the Xma kaba kin, the days without name, had sent the natives far away from that place. Nor, I think, would they have answered me had they been near."

She had gone below in the darkness and searched in the treasure room for the crowbar I'd tossed down. A mild sweat starts upon me when I think of the frantic prying she'd done at the stone that night. Her tortured strength had finally moved the slab a little. It allowed her to drag me forth. She found the body of Manta a few yards from the entrance. Getting me to her hacienda must have been a nightmare. She didn't say much about that, only:

"It was past noon before I came to the hacienda."

She'd been ill herself. It was four days before the mestizos returned to their quarters. One had taken the launch to Progreso for a *medico*. He'd remained a week and only yesterday had returned. I'd been out nearly two weeks. No wonder I was weak as a kitten.

"And the treasure?" she asked, adding, "Aren't you interested in that?"

I told her that the treasure was unimportant. Curiously enough, I meant it. Perhaps it is because I am by nature not acquisitive, or that wealth, as wealth, once acquired seems not worth the effort one has made to get it. Certainly we'd taken plenty of punishment getting the hoard of the Golden Snail.

"You can't take it out of Yucatan, anyway," I said.

"No?"

"Neither gold, nor archeological pieces are allowed to be exported. Nearly everything we found combines the two."

"And do you care very much that we cannot take it out of Yucatan?"

Her question made me feel embarrassed. I'm not used much to women. I remained quiet, as if I were considering her question.

She said, "Is Yucatan, then, such a feasible place?"

"No," I replied. "No, it isn't!" I discovered that I was holding her two hands within one of my own. It seemed a very natural and pleasant thing to be doing.

The End.

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The Dude Ranch Mystery

By Mark Plum

(Continued from Page 16)

Summer had appropriated what seemed to Pete an undue amount of its forgiveness and been rudely ousted therefrom and from his thoroughly congenial task of riding teacher and escort to various excursion parties chiefly feminine in composition, and put to range work where his blond head and agreeable manner showed to much less advantage. Gil Ward, owner of the ranch, might be more complaisant. Charlie had reason to believe he might be. He and Ward had always gotten along together. And if Pete were out as foreman . . . If Pete were out . . . Charlie's thoughts became pleasantly tinged with speculation.

CHAPTER II.

Charlie Gets a Job.

GIL WARD was dismounting in front of the ranchhouse when Charlie rode up to him. He told his tale briefly. Ward, a dark-haired, gray-eyed man of stocky build with a firm mouth and a somewhat grim cast to his line, asked a few questions about the appearance of the dead man and the exact time Squires had come across him. Having received his answers, he grunted shortly and was silent.

"Do you know who he is, Mr. Ward?" asked Charlie.

The ranch head nodded.

"I think so. Name's Atkinson, if he's the man I imagine he must be. He was coming here some time today. Shorty was to have picked the rest of his party up in Manata this evening. I thought Atkinson would come up with them but evidently he decided to walk."

"Maybe it's someone else."

"Didn't you look through his papers?"

"He didn't seem to have any."

"That so? Well, let's hope it is some one else. Atkinson's daughter gets here tonight from another direction and I'd hate to have to break the news to her. Stick your horse in the corral and make yourself at home, Charlie. I'll start the boys down the trail to meet Pete and fetch the body."

"I was on my way to see you when I found the fellow," explained Charlie Squires. "I thought perhaps there'd be a job open for me."

"There might be." Ward looked him over shrewdly. He had a keen eye for all that went on at his ranch and had been perfectly aware the season before of the underlying dissension between his foreman and the man now asking for work. He decided that Charlie must need the job pretty badly to come back as a petitioner to the ranch where he believed Pete Black still to hold sway. "I can't settle that now," he added, impatiently. "This other business comes first. You'll have to hang around for a bit anyhow, Ginger'll want to talk to you." (Ginger Scullion was the name of the county sheriff.) "I'll see you later."

Pete surrendered the dead man to the "boys" Ward sent to meet him.

"No, I'll not come up now," he answered in response to their suggestion. "You look after him, Ginger'll know where to reach me if I'm wanted, though I don't see why I should be. It was Charlie found the fellow."

"You'll be back tonight, anyway, won't you?" suggested Jake, a top cow hand but not popular with his fellows.

"I'm not coming back."

There was a shrill whistle of surprise from Shorty, Pete's closest friend on the ranch, which faux pas he immediately endeavored to cover by swinging around upon his companion.

"Here, Jake! What do you think that is you're holding? A dead calf? Pack him decent same as I'd do for you. Turn him over on his face. That's better. Well, so long, Pete. Here's dirt in your ears and none in your eye."

"So long," said Pete.

He rode on, thinking of his other departure from the ranch earlier that day. He had asked Ward for his time, refraining from explanation. The ranch owner had been sore. Pete didn't blame him for that.

"Not even a day's notice! What the deuce, Pete? Anything wrong? Dissatisfied with the pay? Treatment?"

"Nope," Pete had answered carelessly. With rather careful carelessness, Gil Ward recalled afterward. "My foot just got to

(Continued on Page 24)

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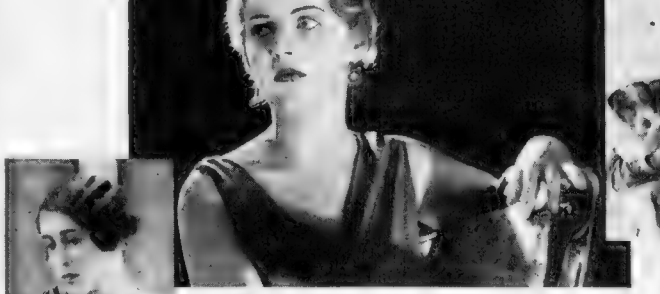

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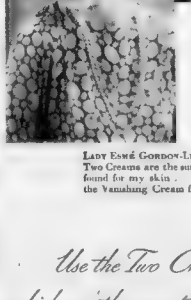

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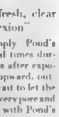
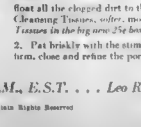


4. At bedtime, always repeat the Cold Cream and Tissues cleansing to remove the day's accumulation of grime. Then, when the skin is immaculate, smooth on a little fresh Cold Cream to soften and lubricate the skin and leave it on overnight.



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The Dude Ranch Mystery By Mark Plum

(Continued from Page 23)

itching, that's all. Take [illegible] that way sometimes. I've been here nearly three years now."

"And gone up sufficiently fast I should say. Started in as regular hand. Foreman now. What else do you want?" Then [illegible] sudden irritation as Pete [illegible] stolidly without expression. "Oh, well, be a fool if you want to. Get out, then," he had told him [illegible] Pete had gone. Nor had [illegible] in his plans to return.

Ward helped Jake and [illegible] place the corpse in one of [illegible] auxiliary houses and [illegible] door upon it. He knew [illegible] less handling it received [illegible] ter satisfied Ginger S[illegible] would be. With gloomy [illegible] nance he went from there to [illegible] corral where Charlie S[illegible] perched on a rail, was [illegible] cook and houseboy of [illegible] ture. As he went, W[illegible] thinking of that [illegible] prising scene with Pete. He [illegible] liked the fellow, who [illegible] but capable. Had a [illegible] ding the more [illegible] Got along well as a [illegible] was the exception [illegible] with the other hands and could at [illegible] age the business [illegible] as well. Gil had been [illegible] a month that [illegible] found a condition of [illegible] and busyness prevailing on his return that had greatly pl[illegible]

[illegible] What on earth had gotten into [illegible] him quit [illegible] No, [illegible] Hang the [illegible] Now he would have to [illegible] from some[illegible] [illegible] new foreman [illegible] the [illegible] of the [illegible] [illegible] for months. He [illegible] of Pete.

[illegible] story [illegible]

[illegible] You're [illegible] [illegible] worry [illegible] chap [illegible] And [illegible] that [illegible]

[illegible] wouldn't [illegible]

[illegible] had to go on [illegible]," [illegible] the cook con[illegible] "It does seem too bad it had [illegible] you as found him."

"Huh!" said Charlie.

"Who's Helen?" asked the houseboy.

The cook spat carefully at the top rail, missed it and tried again with more accurate result. "Well, now, kid," he answered, with one watchful eye on Charlie and the other on the attentive boy. "I reckon that'll be the dead man's old black mammy. Seems to me I heard something about an old black nurse this Atkinson fellow set the world and all by. Sort of left her to you as a legacy, Charlie?"

"It's his daughter," [illegible] Charlie, outraged. "His daughter's coming here tonight. Mr. Ward [illegible] She'll be H[illegible]"

"Atkinson's daughter — name [illegible]," put in Gil Ward's [illegible] voice over the romancer's shoulder. "There's a man named Heflin traveling West with her, the [illegible] employer. I've [illegible] man that Atkinson mentioned, if any. And if you'll just tone down that [illegible] imagination of yours for a few minutes, Charlie, I'd rather like to know exactly what he said."

A ghost of a chuckle lingered behind as the cook and boy moved toward the ranch house. Charlie cast a scornful glance after them and slid sulkily to his feet.

"It [illegible] Heflin," he [illegible] sounded like Helen to me but then the fellow was just sort of [illegible] it out anyhow; having trouble saying anything at all."

"What did he say?" asked Ward patiently. "Was it important?"

"He didn't [illegible] whatever it was. Just [illegible] 'Tell Helen,' or 'Heflin' if you think that's more likely, a couple of times. When I asked him what he wanted me to tell her, he told me to go to hell. And me doing the best I could for him, too," [illegible] Charlie on an aggrieved note.

"Tell me [illegible] where you found him."

"I must have passed within 10 feet of him without knowing it on my way up. You know that bunch of rock [illegible] stone just under the [illegible], that long, smooth [illegible] of granite that the trail runs by at the bottom and then loops around and crosses over at the top after a few hundred feet of detour to get there?"

Ward nodded.

"Well, I rode right by there going up the trail. Then I crossed back on top of the Slide and thought I heard a groan down below [illegible] where I had just been. I thought I was dreaming. Hadn't seen anyone, you understand, when I came up. But I heard [illegible] and went back down looking for whoever it was. He wasn't [illegible] near the trail. I don't [illegible] how I missed him the first time."

"Maybe he was unconscious then, and not [illegible] any sound, you didn't happen to glance in his direction."

"Uh huh. Maybe," said Charlie with an [illegible] manner. "Anyway, I [illegible] over him a bit but he was [illegible] and it wasn't no use. Then I heard Pete's horse coming down and hailed Pete. Right after [illegible] got there, the fellow died and Pete carried him up [illegible] you know."

"See anybody [illegible] out? Anyone besides [illegible]?"

Charlie hesitated. "No-o-o."

"You don't seem very sure about it."

"I didn't see anyone," said the cowboy, a [illegible] shade of sulkiness in his voice.

"You [illegible] it took you about twenty minutes to get here," mused Ward thoughtfully. "It was about ten o'clock that you found him then?"

"About that, I guess. It took him a few minutes to peg out after I got to him and Pete and I jawed for a bit before we started up."

"Could you make a guess how long he had been lying there before you found him?"

Charlie fidgetted. "There was some blood about; not such an awful lot, though, considering I don't imagine he'd been there very long. Maybe the doctor could figure it out. He ought to be able to tell how long a fellow could live busted up the way this one was."

"He might, at that. That's not a bad idea, Charlie. He'll be here now, any time."

Tapping his leg meditatively with a light switch he was holding, Ward considered. "You'd better stick around for the present, anyhow," he finally stated. "Put your things in the second bunkhouse. And see that you behave yourself. Any ructions and out you go."

"What's the pay?"

"Same as last year. Forty a month."

"I'm worth more," said Charlie Squires.

Ward's gray eyes ran coldly over his former workman. "That's a matter of opinion. Forty's all you'll get here."

"You'll be needing a man to fill Pete's place."

"To fill it, yes."

"Why not me?"

Again Ward stared, then laughed. "Don't be a fool, Charlie," he said, starting to stroll toward the front of the ranch house. "And don't get ideas in your head you can't live up to. If you want the job I offered, take it. If you don't, keep still. This is my busy day."

CHAPTER III.

Murder!

GIL WARD stood in front of the ranch house, hands in pockets, teetering to and fro on his heels, as he stared down the trail, a thoughtful frown on his face. He wondered what had come over Charlie Squires. The cowboy had always been a conceited piece but he knew as well as the owner of the Bar W that there were half a dozen men on the ranch better fitted for the job of foreman and with more right to the place. "Young squirt!" thought Ward.

His mind reverted to the killing of Saul Atkinson. It was strange that there should have been three men, Pete, Charlie and Atkinson himself, so close together on the scantily traveled Summit Trail at that hour in the morning, all bound on different errands and all unaware of each other. Probably that wouldn't occur again during the entire Summer. The path was a dangerous one, narrow and precipitous. Most riders preferred Baker's Pass, which, though longer, was both easier going and provided surer footage for man or beast. Half a dozen men a week constituted heavy travel on Summit Trail. He wondered, too, about Charlie's hesitation over whether or not he had seen anyone beside Pete on the hillside. It seemed like a simple enough question. Either he had or he had not. Why the doubt?

Was there anything else to be done for the dead man? He stroked his chin meditatively. Ginger Scullion and the doctor had both been phoned for. Lucky he had had that telephone put in last Fall, expensive though it had been. Ought he to wire Heflin of his employee's death? The girl, Atkinson's daughter, would be with him. No, he decided. They were already on their way to the ranch and a telegram could in no way hasten their arrival. There was no sense in speeding bad news.

His face brightened as a man appeared in view, coming around the bend of Baker's Pass. It was Dr. Joseph Burke, an erect, astonishingly handsome man of nearly sixty, with grizzled, curling hair, keen, dark eyes and an alert eager expression. In spite of forty years spent in the United States, Burke was still Irish to the core, had a quick Irish temper, an equally quick Irish wit and was almost universally beloved. Even Gil Ward, who liked few people, acknowledged a fondness for Jo Burke.

The doctor flung himself off his horse and clapped a hand upon the ranchman's shoulder.

"Well, you old goat!" he cried in affectionate greeting. "Who've you killed this time? They caught me at the Rossini truck farm, half-way up. That's how I got here so quick. Mrs. Rossini's just had her sixth. Nice plump boy and both doing well. Didn't really need me at all. That woman could have triplets and do a day's work on top of it. Wish our native breed was as sturdy. Who's the casualty here? Why don't you take better care of your men?"

"He wasn't one of my men. Name of Saul Atkinson. Charlie Squires found him at the foot of Devil's Slide, broken to bits and dying. Slipped on that narrow trail above, I suppose, and fell the whole sixty feet. He and Pete picked him up after he died and brought him to the ranch."

"Know anything about him besides his name?"

Gil Ward made a rueful grimace. "Too darned much, Jo. He was on his way here."

"One of your dudes?"

"Not exactly. He was coming to meet his employer, Humphrey Heflin, who gets in tonight. Heflin engaged rooms for them both several days ago."

"Old Heflin, the oil man?" asked Burke, surprised.

"Yes. Atkinson was a geologist. Worked for him. He's been down in Oklahoma, I gathered from Heflin's letter, and Heflin was coming on from New York to see him. He asked me—ordered me, rather, his epistolary style is distinctly curt—not to mention that either of them were coming."

"And did you?" asked the doctor coolly.

Ward flushed slightly.

"I told Pete this morning. It was necessary, since I wanted him to drive to Manato to pick up the lot of them, according to the instructions I had had from Heflin. Atkinson was expected to wait there until the others got in tonight and come up with them. I don't know why he changed his mind and decided to walk. It was he, though, without any doubt. His name's on his wallet."

"Was Pete on his way to Manato when he found Atkinson?"

"Charlie found Atkinson. Charlie Squires. You remember he worked for me last Summer. No, I had to send Shorty around by Baker's Pass. You can't get a car up the trail, of course, and I imagine Mr. Heflin expects automobile transport."

"Where was Pete going then?"

Gil Ward jerked his shoulders impatiently. "I don't know. He's quit."

"What?" Dr. Burke stared at the ranchman in amazement. "Had a dust-up of some sort? Why, you old dunce, you! You can't let Pete get away like that. He's too good a man."

Ward struck a match on the heel of his high boot, lit an old odorous pipe and puffed steadily. "What would you suggest that I do?" he asked chillingly. "Rope and tie him? Short of that, I don't know just how I'm going to hold a man when he's decided to quit. He isn't wearing my brand, you know."

"I thought he was. Thought he was Bar W to the bone. Why the deuce did he check out?"

"Said that he had an itching foot and needed a change," stated Ward dryly. "That was all the explanation he offered. Pulled that line with a straight face and I couldn't budge him. He was on his way out when he met Charlie and as soon as he could get rid of Atkinson's body, he started back again."

"The darned fool!"

"Oh, yes." With another shrug, Ward dropped the subject. "You want to see Atkinson, don't you? He's here, in the guesthouse. One particularly bad thing about this business," he went on as he led the way into the rough, timbered structure, "is that somebody's going to have to break it to his daughter—Atkinson's. She's coming west on the same train as Heflin. Gets here this evening, expecting her father to meet her."

"Hard lines," said Jo Burke.

He bent over the bed where the dead man lay and began his examination, issuing an occasional curt order, as he worked, which Ward obeyed without comment. Finished, Burke pulled a chair over by the bedside, sat down in it and continued quietly studying the features of the corpse. Once he leaned forward and drew toward him the coat and trousers which were hanging over the foot of the bed and went methodically through their pockets, flinging them backward with a reflective grunt.

"Let's get this straight," he said at last. "This fellow was

(Continued on Page 25)

Her beauty ruined... by a neglected burn!

She'll have the scar all her life—for the burn was badly treated!

When the finger of fire touches you, don't lose a minute. Apply Unguentine at once to your tortured flesh—stop the needless pain at once—hasten healthy healing—without infection—without a tell-tale scar. 8 out of 10 hospitals use Unguentine for burns & scalds. It's the *professional* treatment and you can have it in your medicine cabinet—always.

For Cuts, Too! Unguentine more than meets accepted standards for antiseptic strength. It stops pain—kills germs present—keeps new germs out. Doesn't sting or stain the skin. Soothing and healing and *sure!*

Unguentine *Quick!*

Luxury is economical ...wrapped in Cellophane

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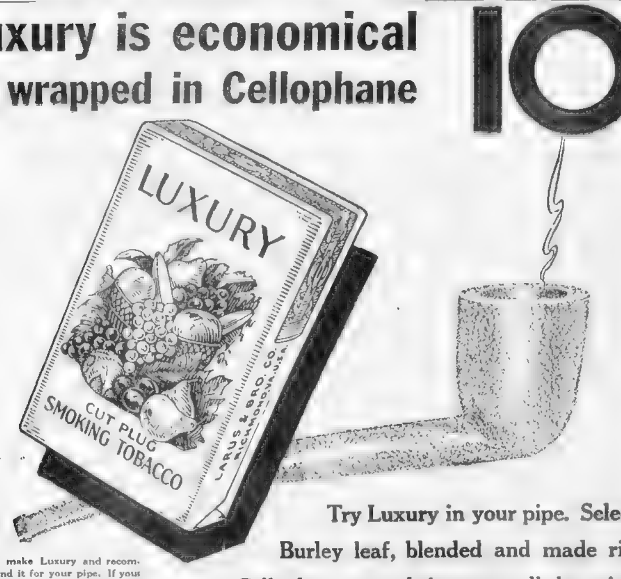

Try Luxury in your pipe. Selected Burley leaf, blended and made right. Cellophane wrap brings you all the original Luxury flavor. And only a dime a package.

We make Luxury and recommend it for your pipe. If your dealer cannot supply you, send 10¢ and we will gladly mail [illegible] a regular package at once. Address your letter to

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No Gray at 40

Simply Brushing Hair Now Ends Gray Hair

Don't let gray hair, or hair streaked with gray, ruin your business or social career because it makes people think you are "too old." You can now end this handicap easily, quickly and inexpensively *right at home*. And the results will be so perfect that no one will suspect you have done a thing to your hair . . . Just sprinkle a few drops of KOLOR-BAK on your hairbrush for a few mornings, and brush your hair as usual. This wonderful, *colorless* liquid will cause your gray hairs to disappear like magic. A new youth-like color will be imparted to those ugly gray hairs. And as your hair becomes youth-like in color, you will look years younger, far more attractive . . . Obtain KOLOR-BAK at all drug and department stores, and refuse substitutes offered as "just as good." KOLOR-BAK is the most natural way known to end gray hair. Leaves the hair soft and lustrous.

FREE — Buy a bottle of KOLOR BAK today and send top flap of carton to United Remedies, Dept. 44 A, 565 E. Illinois St., Chicago, and receive FREE AND POSTPAID a 50c box of KUBAK Shampoo.

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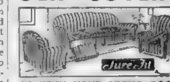
Ready-to-put-on SLIP COVERS



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SURE FIT Slip Covers come in styles for all standard sets and odd pieces. They preserve and beautify Living Room furniture at ⅓ the cost of made to order slip covers. All complete & ready to use . . . Print-of-the-Loom box pleated Cretonnes, $13.95 . . . Jaspe, two-tone, box pleated, $8.95 and Thorowear Stripes at $7.95

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HOW TO STOP PAIN INSTANTLY

One drop does it—corn soon lifts off

Just one little drop of FREEZONE on that aching corn will stop all pain instantly and for good. Then a few more drops of this safe liquid and corn gets so loose you can lift it right off with your fingers, core and all. It's the quickest way known to get rid of hard and soft corns and calluses. Get a bottle from your druggist and try it.

FREEZONE

LUCKY TIGER

FOR DANDRUFF

WHY have dandruff and scalp irritations when a single application of Lucky Tiger will stop that miserable itching and a single bottle corrects scalp irritations! For years Lucky Tiger has been America's standard. Highly germicidal—safe for adults and children. Delicately perfumed and a delight to use,—but for

DRY-UNRULY HAIR

—use our New, Lovely Creation — Whyte-Fax Vegetable Oil Hair Dressing — not gummy or sticky—enables you to dress the hair in any style. Pleasing to both adults and children. Fully Guaranteed.

Bunions Dissolved Away

Sample Treatment PROVES IT!

THE pain stops almost instantly when Fairyfoot is applied. Then permanent relief. Amazing Fairyfoot gradually dissolves painful, ugly bunions. Quickly enables you to wear smaller shoes. No messy salves. No cumbersome appliances. This marvelous discovery is entirely different. Over 2,000,000 scientific Fairyfoot treatments have been used successfully since 1897. Mrs. R. Davidhuser, Oregon, writes: "*I applied Fairyfoot to a very sore bunion. The next morning when I awoke, my foot did not hurt any more. I could move my toe with ease. I put on my shoe and did not suffer another pain. I have had bunions for ten years.*" Hundreds of similar letters in our files. You can try a sample of Fairyfoot for only 10 cents. Mail the coupon below TODAY to Fairyfoot Products Co., 1223 South Wabash Avenue, Dept. 177, Chicago, Illinois.

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I enclose 10 cents for Sample Treatment of FAIRYFOOT Bunion Remedy.

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NOW WHITEN YOUR TEETH 3 shades in 3 days

If you think yellow, stained, unsightly-looking teeth are natural, start using Kolynos—a half-inch on a dry brush twice daily. In 3 days you'll see your mistake. Your teeth will look 3 shades whiter!

Kolynos—unlike any preparation you've ever used—contains two important ingredients that clean and whiten teeth remarkably. One—the finest cleansing agent known—erases stain and tartar, foams into every tiny fissure and washes away decay-causing debris. While the other ingredient kills the millions of germs that cause most tooth and gum troubles and helps to make teeth absolutely clean.

Thus Kolynos gently cleans teeth right down to the natural white enamel and soon makes them more attractive than ever. It refreshes the mouth and stimulates the gums. Buy a tube of Kolynos today.

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

The Dude Rancher Mystery

By Mark Ph...

(Continued from Page 24)

due here tonight. You were to pick him up in Manato with his employer and his daughter, who were coming in on another train. For some reason he decided not to wait, but started up here on foot. No signs of a horse?" he asked suddenly, looking up.

"Nobody mentioned having seen one."

"We can check that up at Manato. If he rode he'd have had to hire his mount there. Probably he'd have left his baggage there, too. You didn't find any grip or anything around, did you?"

"He wouldn't be likely to start out on an eight mile climb hampered by any suitcases," Ward pointed out. "Neither Charlie nor Pete mentioned any baggage. I didn't go down myself."

"Just so. All right. He comes tripping it up a rough and narrow trail, and at its most dangerous point loses his footing, or steps over the cliff, and goes crashing down sixty feet to his death. The worst sort of a tenderfoot would have been more careful. Doesn't anything about it strike you as odd, Gil?"

"I don't know that it does." The dude rancher frowned, looking down at the silent corpse. And looked soberly up again at the doctor. "He must have been something of a fool to have set out on an unknown trail like that all by himself. Anyone in Manato would have told him that it was a bad one. Granting that he was a fool, then, it's not hard to believe that he was a careless one. You ought to see some of those I get here each Summer. Carelessness is hardly the word. They'd set fire to their own pants if they struck a match on them."

Dr. Burke shook his head. "Not this fellow, Gil. He was no fool."

"You knew him, then? Why didn't you say so before?"

"I've heard of him. He had a good reputation in his own line a big one. Moreover, Humphrey Heflin does not employ fools. He's another big man Made his pile through using his own brains and the other fellow's. Nor was Atkinson a tenderfoot. He was a geologist; probably as well used to climbing and to mountain trails as you and I are, and somewhat more accustomed to rock work. I don't see an ordinary path, steep and slippery though it might be, bothering a man of his profession to such an extent that he could not navigate it safely. Do you?"

"He might not have been on the path when he fell," Ward propounded after a minute's consideration. "He might have seen something that interested him over the edge, some bit of rocky formation or something like that, you know, and tried to get to it. Maybe the reason he started up here by himself was because he wanted to study the rocks. I've always heard he made a hobby of his profession."

Burke leaned forward again and again his hands ran over the dead man. He lifted him a little by the shoulders and peered closely, his eyes very sober.

Gil Ward watched him, his face drawn into puzzled lines.

"What's on your mind, Jo?" he asked. "You've got something there and it looks to me as though it were something unpleasant. Put it across."

The doctor nodded, frowning. "I've just been through his pockets," he began slowly. He was thinking aloud, taking his time and outlining his disagreeable conjecture to himself as he talked. "I found his wallet, reasonably well filled and with Saul Atkinson on its flap, a spectacle case holding spectacles, his watch, some change and a clean, unopened handkerchief. That was all."

"I saw those myself."

"Well?" asked Dr. Burke. "Did they satisfy you?"

"What do you mean? Satisfy me! Why shouldn't I be satisfied?"

"Oh, by the saints!" said the doctor. "Where's your head, Gil? Where are the man's papers? What ordinary man goes about without a single envelope, business card, notebook or even an old memorandum tucked away somewhere in his clothing? This fellow hasn't even so much as a torn scrap of paper. What's happened to them?"

"Charlie picked him up," began Ward slowly. "Do you mean to say you think he . . ."

"Heaven, no! Go back a little."

"Oh, spill it!" said Ward, losing his temper suddenly. "What are you hinting at, Jo? Around and around like a circus horse. Come across! The man's purse is full. If you think he's been robbed, as you seem to be suggesting, why wasn't that touched?"

"Perhaps that wasn't what was wanted. Personally, the absence of papers looks queer. I'll bet that it'll look queerer yet to the man's employer when he gets here."

The ranch owner shook his head. "He may have left them in his suitcase at Manato. Don't try to work up a robbery case out of that. You've got too lively an imagination, old boy."

"I think not," said Dr. Joseph Burke. "It's part of my job to sift pedal horrors, and I've been trying to persuade myself that this business wasn't what it looked like. But . . ." He rose and placed his fingers on the swollen and discolored neck of the dead man. "Look here, Gil. This fellow had five broken ribs, maybe more—can't tell without an autopsy. One of them, I think, punctured a lung. All of which is explained naturally enough by his sixty-foot fall. But what doesn't explain itself are the bruises all around this neck. Surface bruises, but bad ones. The skin isn't cut and torn as it would be if they had been made by contact with the stones, and for the matter of that, the marks are too regular. Even pressure on both sides. See?" He looked up, caught and held his friend's gaze with something insistent in his own. "See, Gil?"

"Do you mean . . . ?" began Gil in a low voice . . .

"Someone caught him from behind," persisted the doctor stubbornly. "Choked him, strangled him, robbed him and tossed him over the cliff in an attempt to make it look like an accidental fall. Only it wasn't. It wasn't, Gil! Why, the story's as plain to read as an A B C. The man was murdered!"

CHAPTER IV.
On the Train.

A STOUT, partly bald gentleman with a florid complexion sat on the rear platform of an observation car as the train roared across the Kansas-Colorado border and conversed genially with a red-haired girl. Her eyes were brown; her skin possessed that pale, clear translucency which is occasionally combined with red hair and which may be considered either as compensation therefor or as added charm, according to the way you regard red hair. Sally Atkinson, nee Sarah, looked upon both her hair and her name as major afflictions. From youth her two nicknames had been "Carrots" and "Spitfire," the latter title being, she considered, a perfectly natural sequence to the former.

Humphrey Heflin liked the girl, admired the hair, and knew

(Continued on Page 26)

LET'S TALK ABOUT YOUR FACE!

THE one important cosmetic you use is your powder . . . ever there to improve or detract from your looks.

With SYMPHONIE — the newest creation in face powders — you may be sure you'll look your best! This perfect flesh-tone powder reveals and never conceals the skin's deep-lying beauty. Ask for, and be sure you get

SYMPHONIE POWDER

Symphonie Powder, $1, packed with trial-tube of Armand Foundation Cream.

The Armand essentials are few but effective: Armand Cleansing Cream . . . Armand Foundation Cream . . . Armand Astringent . . . Armand Rouge, *and* Armand Lipstick.

● **COUPON FOR FREE TRIAL**

ARMAND, Des Moines, Iowa*
Please send me two weeks' supply of SYMPHONIE Powder, enough for a thorough trial in comparison with the powder I now use.

Name _____
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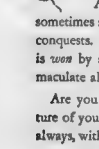
DO YOU KNOW that there are 5,500,000 other families who regularly read The American Weekly? That is by far the largest circulation in the world—nearly twice that of the next largest publication.

Capture the Honors in today's

BEAUTY CONTEST

A lovely skin can help you!



EVERY time a girl's invited to a dance, every time she's praised or flattered, she has won a Beauty Contest. A small one, it is true, but sometimes small victories lead to greater conquests. And many a Beauty Contest is *won* by a skin that is fresh and immaculate all day long.

Are you really happy about the texture of your skin? Do keep it exquisite, always, with gentle Camay's help. Camay gives such rich, creamy-white lather, it makes your skin feel soft as silk.

And if you want to protect your precious skin against the drying "chalkiness" and coloring matter in soaps less pure, use gentle Camay — and Camay alone. For Camay is, without question, the safest beauty soap that's made!

CAMAY

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Copr. 1932, Procter & Gamble Co.

YOU'LL SLEEP

INSTANTLY Tonight .. This Drugless Way

8 Hours Sound Sleep Tonight . . . New Energy Tomorrow

NO NEED TO ENDURE NERVE WRACKING HOURS OF THIS

HERE'S a way to get 8 full hours of sound sleep tonight—entirely without drugs.

It is a delicious food-drink that not only brings you restful sleep tonight—but, taken regularly, restores your natural tendency to sleep soundly *every night.*

Its unique properties rebuild your tissues while you sleep. In the morning you waken vastly refreshed, your whole being recharged with new vigor. Nerves calmer—mind clearer by far.

For this discovery greatly multiplies your ability to recover from fatigue. And enables you to "come back" far more quickly when you're tired.

The name of this remarkable food-drink is *Ovaltine.* Originally discovered in Switzerland, it is now made in America according to the original Swiss formula.

How It Combats The 3 Causes of Sleeplessness

Probably the 3 most common causes of sleeplessness are: (1) brain congestion (2) digestive unrest (3) nervous irritability. Whether you suffer from one or from all three, Ovaltine brings you sleep.

First: Ovaltine, when taken as a warm drink at bedtime, tends to draw excess blood away from the head. And combats congestion in brain capillaries which often keeps you from getting to sleep.

Thus, mental calm is invited—the mind is "conditioned" for sleep.

Second: Ovaltine corrects digestive unrest by gently stimulating and aiding digestive processes. And it contains a remarkable food property, called *diastase,* which has the power to digest the starch content of other foods in the stomach. Thus it lifts a great burden from your digestive organs. And helps your stomach "rest."

Remember *this* about digestive unrest at night. You don't always realize you have it. It may not be sufficient to cause *noticeable* distress, but it can keep you awake just the same.

Third: Ovaltine combats nervous irritability by supplying important calcium to the system under the most favorable conditions to promote calcium metabolism and provide proper calcium balance in the blood. Phosphorus is supplied (in its food form—lecithin), a vital element of nerve and brain tissue. A cup of Ovaltine, in fact, provides, in easily digested and rapidly assimilated form, the food elements necessary for rebuilding nerve, brain and muscle tissues while you sleep.

Begin Tonight

So say "goodbye" to sleepless nights. Get acquainted with Ovaltine this very night—and see how quickly you sleep.

As you continue to take Ovaltine, note the permanent benefits it brings. Observe how quickly you fall asleep *every* night. See how resistance to fatigue is built-up—how "staying power" multiplies.

That's an important reason why 20,000 doctors advocate Ovaltine. And why millions take it *night after night* largely on physicians' advice.

But don't judge Ovaltine merely by what is claimed for it. Even disregard, if you wish, the fact that it is so widely approved by physicians. Forget the fact that its use has spread to 54 different countries. *Try it and see for yourself.*

Start tonight! 'Phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine *now.* Mix 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls in a glass of warm milk and drink it just before you go to bed. You will sleep more restfully and more soundly than you have, probably, in weeks and months. And will be more than delighted with the redoubled energy and vitality that are yours next day.

NOTE: *Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. During the World War, medical authorities made it a standard ration for invalid, nerve-shattered soldiers. It is also highly recommended by physicians for nervous, underweight children — for nursing mothers and the aged.*

OVALTINE
The Swiss Food-Drink

Manufactured under license in U. S. A. according to original Swiss formula

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The Dude Ranch Mystery

By Mark Plum

(Continued from Page 25)

nothing about the temper which she made a point of keeping under stern control. The trip West, which he had made too often for it to contain any further charms for him, had been considerably assuaged by her company. The work which he had brought with him mouldered in his stateroom and his spectacled secretary smouldered beside it while he recited his life story, his aims and achievements into the pearly ears of a red-headed snip of twenty.

"I started out as a geologist myself," he was saying, stretching his short, plump legs across the platform. "Like your father. I wanted to be a newspaper man. All my friends were taking the journalistic course at the university and since I was as much of a sheep as any other boy of eighteen, I longed to do likewise. Only they were sons of rich men and I was working my way through. The class in journalism met at nine a. m., at which hour I was washing dishes in Mrs. Barrow's boarding house. The class in geology met at ten when I was free. On such slight things hangs a man's fate." He paused and sighed. "I might have been another Horace Greeley."

"And you might not," pointed out the red-haired lady briskly. "I never heard of anything so perfectly silly. You'd never have located all those oil leads if you hadn't been a geologist, nor made the millions and millions of dollars you have made out of them."

"Not so many as that," interrupted Humphrey, grinning. "You've been reading the sensational press."

"Well, five millions at least. You make the geologists work for you now, like poor Dad, and could buy dozens of newspapers if you wanted to, and yet you're dissatisfied. I'd be ashamed! Why, you ought to give the owner of that boarding-house a share of your fortune just for having made you wash those dishes."

"I have," said the oil man gently. "It was when I was younger and more optimistic about humans. I wrote to her and told her the story and asked if there was anything I could do for her. There was. . . . There usually is," he added with gloomy cynicism.

"See!" cried Sally. "If you'd been a newspaper man, you probably wouldn't be able to help people . . . give them things and all."

"It's a wonderful thought," murmured Heflin.

"Don't you like doing things for people?"

"No. They're usually ungrateful and always greedy."

She turned her brown eyes on him and he cowered under their reproachful stare.

"I think that's simply disgusting. Now, if I were rich . . ." Her eyes dreamed over the fleeting landscape as Heflin watched her with pleasure. "If I were rich, I'd give . . . oh, millions . . . not to art galleries and hospitals and things like that, but just to creating happiness everywhere."

"But you're only twenty," Humphrey pointed out. "I'm fifty-five."

"I don't see what that has to do with it."

"You will . . . when you're fifty-five."

"The trouble with you . . ." Mr. Heflin groaned, but she checked her sentence just long enough to shake her head at him reprovingly. "The trouble with you is that you've let your money harden you. Rich men always do, it seems to me, and I think it's such a pity."

"I'm not hard," protested the oil man feebly. "I've a very noble nature, as a matter of fact."

"It isn't as though you had any one to leave the money to. You just go on and on accumulating it. I'm perfectly sure that this new business you and Dad are working on is going to make you another million or two."

"More than that, perhaps," said Mr. Heflin unexpectedly. "It's big, Sally, big. And your father's going to have a share in the profits this time. A nice bit. Then you can start doing all those things for people that you were planning."

"I just shall, too!"

"And as for my not having anyone to leave it to," he went on, a gloomy pucker forming between his eyes. "How about that worthless pup of a son of mine?"

Sally Atkinson stared.

"Your son? I didn't even know you had one."

"So I gathered from your remarks. Score one to your father's credit. He knows and hasn't mentioned it, apparently."

"Dad never tells secrets," she informed him with some pride.

"Claude isn't a secret," stated Heflin grimly. "Anything but! He was a first page specialty up to the time he was twenty. Expelled from boarding-school. Expelled from college. 'The chorus girl's delight,' one inspired reporter called him. 'The old man's curse,' would have been as good a title. We had our final row four years ago and I told him not to show up again until and unless he made good on his own. He hasn't mean up."

"Don't you even know where he is?"

The end of Humphrey Heflin's cigar was three quarters of an inch long. He extended it beyond the platform railing and watched the wind whisk the ashes away.

"A year ago, when I had my last report, he was in Colorado. But since he has about as much stability as those ashes, I'd hate to bet on his still being there. He may be in Buenos Aires or Alaska by this time."

"Is he supporting himself?"

"Unless he's found a worse fool than myself, he is," was the unencouraging answer.

"But, then . . ."

"That doesn't mean anything. When it's 'root hog or die,' the hog generally roots, you know. I've had him checked up on a couple of times since he went west and found him the same wild, irresponsible, don't-give-a-rip, reckless sort of boy that he was when I sent him away." The oil capitalist looked inwardly out upon the receding world. "He's my only son. And he was a lovable youngster. I used to be proud of him. Even when he grew up, he was full of generous ways. Too generous. He fell into trouble by letting the abused party over-persuade him. Finally . . . well, frankly, I washed my hands of him. But I'll bet I think I had more fun, he was no good. It was a great day . . ."

"Oh, don't!" She put a hand over his mouth gently. "Don't even think that. Mr. Heflin. Some time you'll see a wild and harum-scarum with he's young, but then something turns out all right and you're proud. You mustn't think such things." Under his harsh speech she detected his bitter unhappiness.

He smiled grimly and continued to stare over the platform railing at the changing landscape. After a while he patted the hand she had left on his and returned it to her.

"You're a nice girl, Sally," he said. "I wish your father would lend you to me for a bit. You're just what the doctor ordered."

"He does turn first," she answered, accepting with instinctive tact the change of subject. "I've

(Continued on Page 28)

"SHE visited my sister, and I wished then I could give her a hint. She wears her underthings two or three days without a change! Everybody perspires a little—imagine thinking she can get by!"

IN SO MANY OFFICES there are clever girls who do not realize that one thing alone holds them back. Offices are warm, we all perspire, and underthings absorb these acids and odors. Others notice "undie odor" before you do yourself.

That's why it is vital to put on fresh lingerie *each* day. More necessary than the daily bath!

And it is so easy! For Lux is made to remove perspiration acids and odors *completely*, yet it saves colors and fabrics. And it takes only 4 minutes, or less. Play safe—Lux underthings and stockings after *every* wearing. This protects daintiness—and it actually keeps them new far longer.

Avoid "*undie odor*"

Protect your daintiness this easy 4-minute way:

1 Wash this 4-minute way: One tablespoon of Lux does one day's undies . . . stockings, too! Use lukewarm water—Lux dissolves instantly in it. Squeeze suds through garment, rinse twice.

2 Wash after each wearing, for perspiration acids left in silk fade colors and rot threads.

3 Never rub dainty lingerie with cake soap. Rubbing tends to streak and wear out silk.

4 Avoid ordinary soaps—cakes, powders, chips. These often contain harmful alkali which weakens threads, fades color. Lux has no harmful alkali. Anything safe in water alone is safe in Lux.

LUX for underthings

. . . keeps them like new in spite of constant washing

PRETTY HANDS
Gentle Lux leaves hands soft, snow-white. Use it for dishes—it gives beauty care for *only 1¢ a day.*

LUX

EVERY STUDENT in America should study the exclusive and intensely interesting articles on science and invention published regularly in this and other issues of The American Weekly. World famous scientists cover every subject, from astronomy to entomology.

• *Horrid Blemishes Betray Poisons Inside You!* • *Doctors Advise Fresh Yeast* • *To Correct Trouble* •

Blame! Rouge and powder will never hide the telltale symptoms of intestinal sluggishness. To get rid of blemishes you must get rid of their *cause.*

Doctors such as Dr. Forveu de Courmelles, of Paris — advise eating yeast.*

Pimples, boils and blemishes very quickly fade away when intestines are kept clean the simple fresh yeast way!

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Won't your SKIN CLEAR UP?

WHEN you look in your mirror, what do you see? Lovely eyes? Soft hair? The attraction of youth into the bargain?

That's just what this girl sees. Then why does she always miss out on the good times that other girls have?

Because—*well, men just can't stand a bad skin!*

* * *

A blotchy complexion is one of the most unmistakable symptoms of intestinal neglect.

Perhaps you knew this. But—what are you doing about it?

In dealing with constipation—and the skin troubles, digestive troubles, headaches, etc., to which it so frequently leads—doctors almost universally warn us to avoid cathartics, harsh laxatives, violent, destructive drugs and pills.

And in their place they recommend a simple fresh food with truly remarkable power to cleanse the body of poisons!

This food is yeast—fresh Fleischmann's Yeast that you know so well. Many among your own friends are doubtless eating it regularly.

Made a part of your ordinary diet, Fleischmann's Yeast moistens and softens the poison-breeding food residues in the intestines . . . stimulates the natural action that helps your body throw off these wastes in a normal way.

Thus yeast purifies the blood, peps up appetite, stimulates digestion. Headaches disappear. You begin to feel and look worlds better when intestines function regularly every day.

So don't continue to suffer from horrid skin blemishes because you're too indifferent to act. "Tone" and purify your system—get back a clear skin, better digestion, true health—by eating 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day, regularly. Just eat it before meals, or between meals and at bedtime—plain, or dissolved in water (a third of a glass).

How Can It—when you go on neglecting the trouble that makes it break out?

You can get Fleischmann's Yeast at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains everywhere, and every cake is rich in three precious health-giving vitamins—vitamins B and G, and the remarkable "sunshine" vitamin D, lacking from nearly all other foods.

Begin to eat Fleischmann's Yeast today. And give it a really thorough trial!

*IMPORTANT—*Fleischmann's Yeast for health comes only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It's yeast in its fresh, effective form—the kind famous doctors recommend. Ask for it by name!*

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Queer Ways the Weather Affects Our Behavior

(Continued from Double Page)

justment over a high mountain pass. The engine develops less power; the reasons being that the air is thinner, that less oxygen is drawn into the cylinder to be mixed with the gasoline and compressed, that, accordingly, the mixture is wrongly proportioned and the explosion in the cylinder is less powerful or may fail to take place at all. To meet the extreme instance of this condition at very high altitudes airplane engines now are equipped with special superchargers, which compress the too-thin air to the proper density before supplying it to the cylinders.

Even at ordinary heights above sea level the changes of air pressure which accompany the passage of storms or other weather changes may affect automobiles in this same way, especially if racing or performance records are being sought. One reason, for example, why so many such records have been made in California is that that State is less subject to the sudden and considerable changes of air pressure which happen nearly everywhere else in the United States.

Humidity also affects the operation of automobiles, by slowing down the explosion of the mixture in the cylinder, and, accordingly, by decreasing the percentage of "knocking" or other defects in smooth operation of the engine. Every motorist has noted how smoothly and powerfully his engine runs when driving through a light fog, not dense enough to produce water droplets on the wind shield, but just wet enough to humidify the air that the engine is sucking in. Many an unexpected development of engine trouble on a motor trip is due, on the other hand, not to actual breakdown of the car, but merely to a sudden change of weather toward dryness or toward lower air pressure.

Human beings, it is probable, are even more delicate detectors of changes in humidity and air pressure, especially the latter, than are automobiles, or even the measuring instruments used by the weather experts.

In England during the severe Winter of 1928-1929 thousands of individuals died before their time, millions of working days were lost by employees in factories because of illness, an epidemic of frost wore out the firemen and nearly ruined the fire insurance companies, all because the temperature ranged for a few weeks a few degrees lower than usual. In June, 1925, in the United States, a sudden spell of weather only a few degrees hotter than usual at that season resulted, it has been computed by Professor Ellsworth Huntington, of Yale, in between 15,000 and 16,000 more deaths than normal for the period, costing the country, that savant calculates, something like a hundred million dollars in the value of the lives thus lost.

A single sleet and ice storm in England on December 21, 1927, is remembered as the "great slide," when literally millions of people slipped and fell, thousands of bones were broken, hospitals all over the country were swamped with victims of such accidents. Weather experts in the United States remember similarly the wide-spread ice storm of February, 1922, when millions of fruit trees and other trees were ruined from the Atlantic seaboard to Wisconsin, when telephone and telegraph lines everywhere were wrecked and out of commission for days, when millions of tons of ice accumulated on exposed twigs and similar objects across half the continent. Nobody would dare to calculate how many millions of dollars that single storm cost the United States. The truth would be unbelievable.

No historian disputes that the political map of the world would be nothing resembling what it is today but for the interference at big historical moments of the weather. Professor Alexander McAdie, of Harvard University, points out that there would be neither Jews nor Christians today and we might all be Mohammedans or worshipers of Jupiter but for a strong east wind.

This wind blew the water out of a shallow arm of the Red Sea just in time for the Children of Israel to escape from Pharaoh's soldiers. But the wind shifted so that the water came back and drowned some of the Egyptian charioteers who had tried to follow the fugitives over the sea bottom.

In his classical work, "The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World," Sir Edward Creasy ranks among the most important and far-reaching the defeat of the great Spanish Armada, partly by Queen Elizabeth's ships, but mostly by the unseasonable violence of the weather.

The English gave battle, defeated and somewhat dispersed the Armada, but it was neither routed nor conquered, and it was the English ships that had to sail for home, because their economical Queen had allowed them just barely enough ammunition for one battle. Then came a long and terrible storm, which finished what the English had begun.

The weather was pro-British that time, but a couple of centuries later it was the reverse. In 1776 the battle of Long Island was fought between the armies of Howe and George Washington. The Continentals were defeated, and with the British fleet in the East River cutting off retreat, the beaten rebel army was trapped. But that night came a providential thick fog, which permitted Washington's men to pass right under the noses of the men-o'-war, unseen.

And long before the first glimmerings of history the weather was playing ducks and drakes with the fate of humanity. Some day it may be possible to tell quite accurately what the weather was doing to the caveman 100,000 or 500,000 years ago.

Recently two important methods have been developed to study what might be called the "fossil weather" of past ages, undoubtedly one of the most powerful of all effects on the evolution and history of mankind. One of these is the careful measurement of the thicknesses of successive annual rings of trees. By this method Professor A. E. Douglass, of the University of Arizona, has been able to trace the climatic history of the southwestern part of the United States back for hundreds of years into the times when the former Indian races were building the stone cities or pueblos, ruins of which still are now found in many places in that region.

The other method is to study the thickness, year after year, of the annual layers of clay laid down in ponds and rivers; one color of clay for each Summer when plant life was plentiful, and another color for the Winter when plants were mostly dead. In Europe, Baron Gerard de Geer has used this method to trace the history of the Ice Age as the glaciers gradually melted from the mountains of Sweden and Norway. In the United States similar studies have been made by Dr. Ernst Antevs. Professor Douglass and Dr. Antevs recently received a scientific prize for their work in these two new ways of investigating the weather of the past.

Some day these methods or others that have been imagined, such as the study of plant life year by year as recorded in the leaves and other debris deposited in lakes or bogs, probably will provide a more or less complete weather record for many centuries back into the past, like the instrumental records now kept day by day by the weather bureaus of the various countries. When this has happened new light will be thrown on some of the most important problems of human history.

One of the greatest tragedies of the world, for example, was the disappearance of the famous Cro-Magnon race of Europe, probably about 20,000 years ago. This race had big brains, much artistic skill, and evidently a high degree of mental ability; probably greater than any savage race of that age or since. They seem to have been driven out of Europe by an invasion of less able but more numerous races from the southeast. Where the Cro-Magnon went is a mystery. As a race they vanished. Perhaps most of them died. Possibly their degenerate remnants are the modern Esquimos. Whatever happened, it is certain that an important part in the tragedy was played by weather.

The distinguished meteorologist, Dr. E. P. Brooks, believes that there have been certain centuries in the past when the ocean around the North Pole was free of ice and open for travel in ships, just as the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans are today. It was at one of those times, Dr. Brooks believes, that the Norsemen penetrated to North America and discovered the continent before Columbus. Had the Arctic Ocean been ice-free when the Cro-Magnons were driven out of Europe, it is conceivable that they might have reached America, made their homes here and started the world's first, and, perhaps, its best, civilization thousands of years before the germs of Old World civilization began to develop in Egypt and Babylonia.

But the expulsion of the Cro-Magnon race from Europe probably found the Arctic ice-bound as now, so that America was inaccessible; only one of the hundreds of instances, it is certain, in which weather conditions have altered the story of the world.

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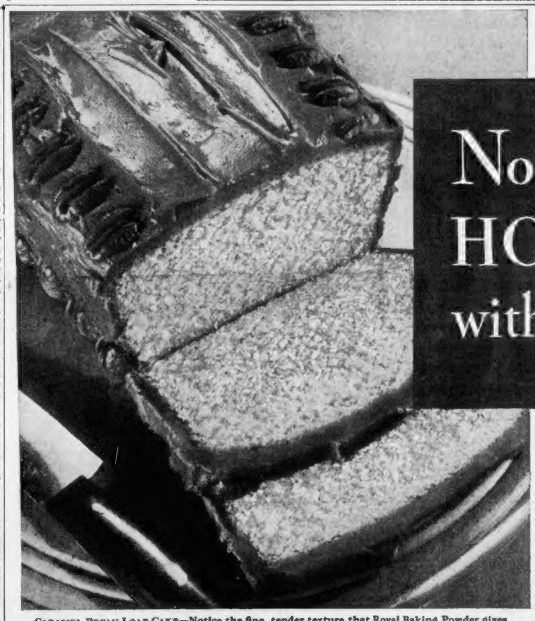

No "AIR HOLES" with Royal

That's why cakes made with this fine Cream of Tartar baking powder keep fresh and delicious for days...

CARAMEL PECAN LOAF CAKE—Notice the fine, tender texture that Royal Baking Powder gives

DO you know why cooking experts make such a fuss about "air holes" in cake?

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It's because cakes that have "air holes" dry out quickly—become flat-tasting . . . stale . . . a few hours after you take them from the oven.

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The Dude Ranch Mystery

By Mark Plum

(Continued from Page 26)

counted on this visit with him for years. We're going to fish and hunt and loaf all over Colorado." "He can't loaf too long. I may need him in Oklahoma." "Then I'm coming, too," said Sally.

"You do that! Best idea yet." The train slowed to a stop. She leaned forward and looked about her appreciatively, her eyes brightening.

"I love the very feel of Colorado," she said. "It's the first bit of the real West. Missouri and Kansas are only half-way States. But Colorado . . . ! Why, even the air is different."

Humphrey nodded and threw his head back against the car window, sniffing pleasurably. "Feel that! It's the wind from the mountain tops—pungent and cool."

"And real cowboys again! Working ones, not the movie variety. Look!" She pointed sweepingly toward the station platform and the surrounding dusty territory where a few leather and flannel-clad forms mingled with the more conventionally attired males. "Don't you adore them? So lazy and casual looking and so quick when they're in action. And such boys! How they do love their fancy clothing! It's nice, too, to see men really sitting in their saddles again, not going up and down like jacks-in-the-boxes. I was always in trouble with the riding master at school because I just wouldn't post. But it seemed so silly. One ought to be part of one's mount. And it's deadly for long distances."

She chatted on, beaming as she talked, and the man beside her listened with delight, finding pleasure in her frank youth and conscious enjoyment of the hour.

"I didn't know you were so keen about the West. Your father ought to take you with him oftener."

"He would only he promised Mother that I should have a proper Eastern education, with debut afterward and all that. Mother's sister, Aunt Sarah, tended to the debut. She did a great deal for me, I suppose," her tone was doubtful. "But I have always wanted to come back here to live. Aunt Sarah didn't want to let me go even this once. She's so afraid I'll marry a terrible Westerner instead of some young bond salesman or cute advertising copywriter. Some of them can't even stick on a horse. And they think mountains were invented for a background to movie films."

Humphrey chuckled.

"Most of the men on the platform look as commonplace as myself," he pointed out. "Straw hats, business suits and the customary et ceteras."

"Oh, I know. But there are a leavening few. That good-looking boy over there with his chaps and sombrero and purple neckerchief, who looks so well pleased with himself, for instance, I could just hug him."

"Not while I'm here, young lady! Don't forget that your chaperon has his eagle eye firmly fixed upon you."

"Pouf!" She snapped her fingers airily. "That for my chaperon! I'm so elated at being back in Colorado, I may kiss him the first thing you know."

"That," said Humphrey with a chuckle, "would be very different."

The train moved forward and Sally leaned over the railing to the youth in the purple neckerchief.

"The dear! Look at him, throwing out his chest and grinning like Hail the Conquering Hero. He doesn't guess that I'm not flirting with him but with his whole darling country."

"I'm afraid he has some excuse for his misconception," returned Heflin dryly.

"Oh!" She craned about the corner of the car. "There was Mr. Tapping. I didn't see him get off. He almost missed the train."

"Tapping? Wish he had," grunted Heflin. "What was he doing on the platform? I hope he didn't see us. All he's done on the whole trip has been to pester me. 'Sign these, sir. What shall I say to so and so? What have you decided to do about this and that?' When I told him to tie this and that to so and so's necks and throw them all out of the train window, he was offended. Hasn't come near me all day. I don't know why I stand for the fellow. Pestiferous prig!"

"You said once that he was an excellent secretary."

"He is, curse him! He is."

"And very conscientious."

"Oh, heavens, yes. He's that!" Heflin brooded deeply. "He's all of that."

"I'm afraid you're spoiled," Sally Atkinson told him sorrowfully. "You never do appreciate your good fortune."

"If Tapping's my good fortune, he's darned well disguised."

The oil millionaire broke off abruptly as the door of the observation car opened. "Go away, Tapping," he said crossly to the spectacled, mild-appearing man who edged himself unobtrusively onto the platform. "Go right away. I told you I was busy."

"There is that letter to Mr. Mangold, sir," suggested Tapping, perking his head forward like a curious bird and peering through his spectacles at the girl and Mr. Heflin. "You said you wanted it written before we reached Manato."

"Haven't time for it now. We're due there in another hour."

"You planned to look over those leases before you met Mr. Atkinson, sir."

"Hang Mr. Atkinson!"

"Why, Mr. Heflin!" Sally sat up straight and regarded the capitalist with stern reproach. "What a perfectly horrid way to speak of Dad! I do think it's mean when he's been working so hard in your interests. You go right in and attend to those leases!"

"Yes, my dear." Humphrey Heflin rose, chuckling again at the shocked expression on his secretary's face. "Anything you say, my love. . . No, I'm not being impertinent. I'm being dutiful. For a minute I almost thought, I was married again."

He vanished, still smiling reminiscently, and Sally settled back in her chair. She was glad to be alone. Mr. Heflin really was a dear, but he had been a very ubiquitous dear all during their trip west, and she wanted a chance just to sit out here by herself and meditate as her beloved Colorado hills closed about her.

The sun was sinking and the chains of foothills through which they were passing extended long shadowy fingertips toward the plains, while their tops still glowed, rose and burning amber. The scent of pines and sagebrush filled the air. A racing, tumbling little stream tore down a hill at her left, its whiteness spectral in the gathering twilight of the woods. A covy of sagehens fluttered across the tracks behind the train. Colorado! Oh, she loved it! Loved it! How had she managed to remain in New York so long?"

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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This Way To Happiness

By Maysie Greig

(Continued from Page 20)

the Perfect Daughter. She felt Noel would appreciate the Perfect Daughter. She knew he was full of old-fashioned ideas of duty and virtue. But this man, she sensed intuitively, would be bored stiff with the Perfect Daughter.

"What an attractive little girl that Mrs. Saunders is," Wanda murmured presently, as she stirred her tea.

"Ho, ho," thought Kent, "what is this?" He knew that usually when one girl is too flattering about another there is something behind it.

"Quite devastating," he agreed.

"I gather you used to know her in New York, before she married Mr. Saunders. . . When she was a typist?"

Kent's eyes narrowed. He smelt a rat. There was a goodly streak of the feminine in Kent himself.

"Was she?" he murmured. "Girls take up so many careers these days one can't keep tab on them."

"But I gather this was more a livelihood than a career," Wanda replied. "Do you think she's changed since she. . . well, since she married someone with money? She seems a very clever girl."

"For my own part," Kent smiled, "I once found she wasn't clever enough."

Wanda glanced up quickly. Was she on the scent of something here?

"What do you mean?"

"Well," Kent shrugged, "she let me go."

Wanda smiled slowly. "I can hardly believe that, Mr. Wilburn. Are you sure the boot wasn't on the other foot?"

Kent looked at her queerly. He thought wryly, "So that's it, my dear. Jealous, eh? But jealous of Janice with whom? Not your humble, I'm afraid. Pity. My sex appeal must be waning. This is the second dirty jolt I've had lately. Can it be the fashion in men is changing? Are attractive cads out? Do they prefer them big and bronzed and unintuitive? Well, I shall revive my role. I shall be a hero type. And heroes, most certainly, do not give one girl away to another."

"No, I'm afraid it was Janice who gave me the push," Kent sighed. "It's taken me a full year to get over it."

Wanda was annoyed, though she flattered herself she did it successfully. "Did you know her people?"

"Oh, yes," Kent answered casually. "The Jordans of New England. Yes, a very fine old family. Their ancestors crossed over there in the Mayflower I believe. Though it might have been an earlier boat!"

Wanda glanced up at him sharply. She wondered if he were making fun of her. But he seemed perfectly serious.

"Really," Wanda murmured. "And I'd thought her folk must be, well, quite ordinary, you know."

"Tut, tut," said Kent. "What shocking rumors do get about!"

But as he helped himself liberally to thin bread and butter he thought with reason: "You're as jealous as the deuce of Janice, my dear. I wonder if, somehow, it can't be turned to my account?"

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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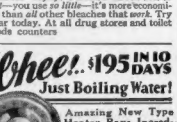

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GEE. THIS IS A TERRIBLE JOB I'LL NEVER GET THIS FLOOR CLEAN
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THE beauty, the sparkle . . . the gloss and lustre of children's hair . . . depend, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

Only proper shampooing keeps children's hair soft and silky.

It brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and leaves it fresh-looking, glossy and bright.

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That is why discriminating mothers, everywhere, use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure it. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

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Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a glass or pitcher, with a little warm water added, makes an abundance of soft, rich, creamy lather which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust and dirt.

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You will notice the difference in the appearance of the hair even before it is dry, for it will feel so delightfully clean and be so soft, silky and fresh-looking.

After a Mulsified shampoo, you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

If you want your child to always be remembered for its beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

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KARO FOR INFANT FEEDING

DO YOU KNOW that The American Weekly prints more Scriptural stories in a year than all the other non-sectarian magazines combined?

Tasty Cocktails for Jaded Appetites

By Mary Lee Swann.

The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

General Directions for Fruit Cocktails.

ALMOST any fruit or combination of fruits may be used in making delicious and attractive cocktails. Very sour or hard fruits should be cooked with a little sugar about five minutes and then chilled before using. Raw fruits should be sprinkled with sugar or sweetened fruit syrup and allowed to stand in the icebox an hour or longer. A few drops of lemon or orange juice improves any combination of fruit. Small servings should always be given.

Clam Juice Cocktail.

SCRUB 1½ dozen soft shell clams and wash in several waters. Place in a kettle with 3 cups water and cover closely. Steam until opened. Remove clams from the kettle and let broth settle. Strain the broth and when cold add 3 tablespoons catsup, ¼ teaspoon Tabasco sauce, 1 teaspoon onion juice, 1 tablespoon minced celery, 1 teaspoon lemon juice and salt to taste. Chill and serve.

Frozen Tomato Cocktail.

PRESS ripe tomatoes through potato ricer or fruit press. Season to taste with salt, pepper and any desired cocktail sauce. Freeze to a mush and serve in chilled cocktail glasses.

Raspberry Cocktail—I.

PRESS one quart ripe red raspberries through fruit press. Add ½ cup powdered sugar and ½ tablespoon bottled lime juice. Freeze to a mush. Serve in chilled cocktail glasses and sprinkle with finely chopped mint leaves.

Blackberry Cocktail.

PRESS one can of blackberries through fruit press or sieve. Add the juice of 1 or 2 lemons and powdered sugar to taste. Freeze to a mush and serve in chilled cocktail glasses.

Raspberry Cocktail—II.

ARRANGE 2 cups ripe raspberries in chilled sherbet glasses. Combine 1½ cups orange juice and 1½ tablespoons bottled lime juice and sweeten to taste. Pour a little of the sweetened fruit juice into each cocktail glass. Garnish with crisp sprigs of mint.

Banana Cocktail.

CUT ripe bananas in small cubes. Sprinkle with pineapple syrup. Chill and arrange in cocktail glasses. Garnish with cherries or ripe berries.

Grapefruit Cocktail.

SPRINKLE grapefruit pulp with powdered sugar. Chill and place in cocktail glasses. Arrange one or two balls of mint sherbet in each glass, garnish with fresh, frosted or candied mint leaves and serve immediately.

Grapefruit and Pineapple Cocktail.

CUT sliced pineapple in small cubes. Cut grapefruit pulp in small pieces. Combine equal quantities of grapefruit and pineapple and pour sweetened pineapple juice over all.

Tomato Cocktail.

MIX 2 cups strained fresh or canned tomato pulp, 2 teaspoons onion juice, 4 teaspoons finely chopped green pepper, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, a few grains pepper and 1 teaspoon salt. Serve very cold.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Fruit.	Prunes.	Sliced Bananas.	Stewed	Orange Juice.	Stewed Dried	Favorite Fruit.
Cereal.	Cereal.	Cereal.	Fruit.	Shad Roe Cakes.	Figs.	Cereal.
Scrambled	Soft Cooked	Plain Omelet.	Oatmeal.	Hashed	Mexican Omelet.	Buckwheat
Eggs.	Eggs.	Small Sausage	Cornmeal	Potatoes.	Graham Rolls.	Cakes.
Fruit Muffins.	Buttered Toast.	Balls.	Coffee	Rolls.	Coffee.	Syrup.
Coffee.	Coffee.	Graham Tea	Cake.	Coffee.	*Luncheon*	Coffee.
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	Biscuits.	Coffee.	*Luncheon*	Baked Bean	*Dinner*
Scotch Broth.	Italian	Coffee.	*Luncheon*	Cheese Fondu.	Casserole.	Mushroom Soup.
French	Spaghetti.	*Luncheon*	Creamed	Spinach Salad.	Raisin Brown	Veal Cutlet.
Rolls.	Chicory Salad.	Clam Chowder.	Dried	Italian	Bread.	Baked Potatoes.
Fruit Trifle.	California	Crackers.	Beef or	Dressing.	Cole Slaw.	Buttered Beans
Tea.	Dressing.	Favorite Salad.	Baked	Chocolate	Fruit Trifle.	or Asparagus.
Dinner	Loganberry	Tea.	Macaroni.	Doughnuts.	Tea.	Sunshine Salad.
Baked	Blanc Mange.	*Dinner*	Baked	Tea.	*Dinner*	Easter Surprise.
Ham	*Dinner*	*(Company)*	Potatoes.	*Dinner*	Stuffed Beef	Coffee.
with	Casserole	Mixed Grill of	Rolls.	Baked Fillet of	Liver Rolls.	*Supper*
Horseradish	of Potatoes	Chops. Canned	Fruit Cup.	Haddock.	Stewed	*(Company)*
Sauce.	and Ham	Pineapple	Tea.	Baked Potatoes.	Tomatoes.	Creamed Shrimp
Mashed	(Left-Overs).	Slices.	*Dinner*	Buttered Lima	Hashed	in Ramekins.
Potatoes.	Baked String	Sweet Potatoes	Irish Stew with	Beans or	Brown	Potato Chips.
Buttered	Beans.	and Corn	Paprika Tea	Asparagus.	Potatoes or	Rebaked Rolls.
Spinach.	Tomato or	Timbales.	Biscuits.	Tomato or	Noodles.	Lettuce and
Easter Salad.	Radish Salad.	Philadelphia	Stuffed	Cucumber Salad.	Endive with	Radish Salad.
Gingerbread	Chocolate	Relish.	Tomato	French Dressing.	Cooked	Pineapple
with Spice	Caramel	Apple Pie.	Salad.	Pineapple	Dressing.	Frappe.
Sauce.	Pudding.	Coffee.	Apricot Soufflé.	Charlotte.	Mystery Cake.	Cookies.

American Weekly Patterns

A SMART JACKET ENSEMBLE FOR SLENDER FIGURES (7177). Designed in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18-year size will require 4¼ yards for the dress and 2 yards for the jacket of 39-inch material. To finish with bias binding or braid will require 4½ yards.

A PLEASING MORNING FROCK FOR MATURE FIGURES (7208). Designed in 8 sizes: 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52 inches bust measure. To make a 46-inch size will require 4¾ yards of 35-inch material. For contrasting material, ½ yard will be required.

A DISTINCTIVE STYLE (7500). Designed in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require 2¾ yards for skirt, belt, cuffs and lower portions of the waist, and 1¼ yards for the sleeves and upper portions of the waist.

A DAINTY FROCK FOR A TINY MISS (7517). Designed in 5 sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. Size 2 will require 1¾ yards of 39-inch material. The yoke in contrasting material will require one-sixth yard of 29-inch material.

A PRETTY DRESS FOR FESTIVE OCCASIONS (7513). Designed in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 will require 3 yards of 32-inch material. The bow of ribbon require 1 yard.

GIRL'S DRESS (7465). Designed in 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 4-year size requires 1¾ yards of material 32 inches wide or wider if made with puff sleeves. Without the puff sleeves, 1½ yards are required. To trim as illustrated will require 4½ yards of insertion or lace banding.

GIRL'S DRESS (7516). Designed in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 8 requires 1½ yards of 35-inch material for the guimpe and 1¾ yards for the skirt if made with long sleeves. With short sleeves the guimpe requires 1 yard.

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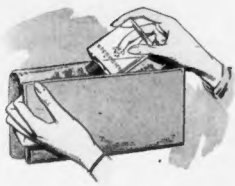

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Sixty pads of cotton for applying Ambrosia

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Ambrosia saves carrying 3 ordinary beauty aids. Removes all soot, travel-stain. Feels as cool as rain on a hot day.

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Keep an Ambrosia flask in your car. You can cleanse with Ambrosia while riding, and look fresh, radiant in spite of dust.

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An Ambrosia facial can change a hot, flustered cook into a calm, poised hostess in one minute. Feels restful, refreshing.

FREE

To Demonstrate the 1-Minute Facial

3 ITEMS FREE WITH $1.00 BOTTLE OF AMBROSIA

You can get the package shown in the photograph above, at any drug or department store now. You pay the regular $1.00 price for the bottle of Ambrosia it contains. You get *free*, a purse-size flask, value 50¢, filled with Ambrosia. Flask has been made especially for this offer and will never be sold separately.

Demonstrating the 1-Minute Facial

In the package you also get free a funnel, value 25¢, for refilling the flask from the larger Ambrosia bottle. And also free, a regular 25¢ box of Johnson & Johnson Couettes, little pads of cotton for applying Ambrosia. This is an unusual offer, we know. We make it to demonstrate an entirely new thing in skin care—the 1-Minute Facial!

½ minute to cleanse—½ minute to dry

Half a minute to cleanse with Ambrosia. Another half minute to pat dry or rinse off, and your face is cleansed, toned, ready for powder. No grease to smear your hair. You can even have an Ambrosia Facial while wearing your hat and coat.

Offer limited. Get your package now!

We cannot afford to give four items for the price of one indefinitely. We have therefore set a limit on this sale, and have so advised all dealers. Flask mold will then be broken, and no more will ever be made from it. Don't miss this chance to get a $2.00 value for $1.00. At any drug or department store. Now!

HALF a minute to cleanse with Ambrosia. Another half minute to pat face dry or wipe off. You have had a complete facial in one application! For Ambrosia is more than a pore-deep cleanser and tonic. It also leaves a delicate film on the skin to which powder clings smoothly for hours.

But you don't have to take our word for it. To prove what a wonderful 1-minute facial Ambrosia is, we make the following special limited offer: Buy a $1.00 bottle of Ambrosia. With it you get *free:*

Ambrosia purse-size flask, value 50¢, free . . Ambrosia refill funnel, value 25¢, free.
J & J Couettes, regular 25¢ value, free.

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Only clean pores can absorb cream. To end dry skin, you must first get pores clean with Ambrosia. After cleansing with Ambrosia, smooth on Ambrosia Cream, the colloidal cream that is practically identical with natural skin oil. Doctor's tests prove Ambrosia Cream is beneficial for all dry skins. (Price $1.00.)

What to do for oily skin

Oily skin needs frequent daily cleansing with Ambrosia. At night Ambrosia Tightener should be used to close large pores, prevent blackheads and blemishes. Doctor reported oiliness lessened, muddy complexions noticeably clearer, often within three days. (Price $1.00.)

Doctor's advice for 3 skin-types

Doctor's directions for care of each skin-type are given in a booklet enclosed in every Ambrosia package. Benefit now by this doctor's knowledge. Get the 1-Minute Facial package from any drug or department store today. $2.00 value for $1.00.

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789 SKIN EXAMINATIONS by a great New York doctor prove that Ambrosia contributes to skin-health. After nightly cleansing, clean pores absorb Ambrosia Cream to end dryness. For oily skins use Ambrosia Tightener.

GREASY CLEANSING. Dirt removed from skin surface, but impurities pushed into pores.

ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPH of pore-dirt removed by Ambrosia *after* a supposedly thorough cleansing with a cream.

PORE-DEEP CLEANSING. All dirt removed with Ambrosia, skin becomes clear and fine.

SURE OF HIM NOW! With skin as soft as kisses, and all age-signs gone, no wonder she is confident, and he is pleased. Ambrosia facials will keep you looking your loveliest, and feeling refreshed, every minute of the busy day.